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THE VENDETTA,

AND

[redacted]

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE AUTHOR.

SECOND EDITION.

REVISED, WITH ADDITIONAL POEMS.

TOPEKA:

KANSAS DEMOCRAT PRINTING HOUSE.

1876.

EPB

THE VENDETTA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK.

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TO THE

READERS OF POETRY,

THIS VOLUME IS

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE small volume of poems published by the author in 1872—his first edition—having been liberally criticised and favorably noticed by a number of the first-class American journals of literature, induces him to publish the present larger volume, containing many of the old poems revised, with numerous new ones, which are deemed worthy of public consideration. Some of the criticisms and notices above referred to will be found at the close of this book.

Trusting that the poems in this edition will be favorably received, as well as add to the pleasure of the general reader, without further introduction this work is presented to the public.

THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK.

MAY 1, 1876.

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THE VENDETTA.

A Tragic Romantic Poem.

In Five Cantos.

Preface.

The peculiar custom of retaliation denominated Vendetta, sanctioned by the superstitious religion of the Corsicans, is the theme on which this poem is founded. Years ago two certain Corsican families became very hostile toward each other, through a fierce quarrel arising between two individuals, members of the respective families, ending in murder. Gelnore Gonzails, the leading character of this poem and the last surviving member of one of these families, was compelled to fly from his country for safety. Having been outlawed, he became an independent sea-rover in order to accomplish the fulfillment of his Vendetta vow, since that mode of life seemed to offer the surest and most available means. In which capacity his aim was accomplished by his slaying all of the remaining connections of the opposing Vendetta: and he soon after obliterated his own—*felo de se.*

April 3, 1872.

Dedication.

Friends! whom I meet as time speeds swift away,
Creating flowers that bloom and then decay—
Friends! whom I've met in the past at fane and fete,
In thought, I 'm wandering o'er sweet Memory's track,
With you, through yest of Time's e'erchanging date—
While vista visions fondly tempt me back.
Though pain 's allied with pleasure of this beam,
Undimm'd for e'er unto my clinging mind,
If with the thorns the flowers yet living seem,
Wherefore should I complain of life's strange dream!—
On earth, where 's joy and sorrow not combin'd?

O ! breathes one spot, man's home, remote or near,
One spot more beautiful than earth elsewhere,
Where joy doth ever make that home most dear—
Where come not the mourners, Misery and Care ?
Dear friends, if such a land of beauty smiles,
May Heaven direct that there your future whiles,
In fondest love for you—old friends and new—
With wish your hopes may have no bitter sting,
But that each life may be one long sweet spring,
This metrical romance I dedicate to you.

CANTO THE FIRST.

When stars are glowing through day's gloaming glow,
Reflecting from ocean, deep. dark, mighty flow,
At twilight, when no grim shadows of night,
Like ghouls, have follow'd in wake of the light—
When gently, the soul, feels that soft, pensive care,
When mingle so sweetly, love, hope and despair—
Which melancholy doth so fairly define,
That th' true poet breathes in sweet pathos divine !—
Rise thoughts of the dead, the absent and lost,
Which crowding on, are o'er memory toss'd:
Though some through the vortex of misery gleam,
Which best were disposed of in Lethe's sweet stream,
The pleasures and pains of the past, gliding by,
A tribute do claim though it be but a sigh.
Such now is the hour—far out on the sea,
Where wild waves roll calm—then toss boundlessly,
Unfetter'd—unhamper'd—will brook no control,
Like one who, though kind, has a proud, lofty soul—
Then placid, whisper, like the soft, pensive sigh
Of some, lone, restless spirit, on, passing by—
A bark bears on with looming sails and shrouds—
A phantom ship floating shadowy in th' clouds

She seems—so white—so weird each spreading sail—
High o'er the wave, unruffled by the gale.
As bold Bellerophon's far, aerial flight,
Through realms of Phœbus—o'er regions of Night—
In ascent through space, by ambition driven,
Astride of Pegasus, to the high courts of Heaven—
Fleeting onward—upward—swiftly now flies
Past Iris' beautiful home in the skies—
Striving vainly to'ard Mount Olympus afar,
Where the high, and great gods ever are.
How beautiful this bark as it bears away
O'er the blue wave, through the sparkling spray!
Is there aught more perfect beneath the sky?
Trust not too far the wisdom of the eye—
Th' flower in looks superb may have no fragrant part—
The beautiful girl may be without a heart—
Yon vessel bless'd so much with outward show,
To all she meets brings but the greatest woe—
A buccaneer, she swiftly wings the wave,
Which e'er to meet, is but too meet the grave,
And to acknowledge Death's superior power—
To no petty ruler of the fleeting hour
Does she allegiance or alliance owe,
Nor her fierce crew that naught of mercy know—
'Tis death to each—to all—to every foe—
That scarlet banner * flying to the breeze,
Would make, in all, the warmest heart-blood freeze,
Could each discern with closest scrutiny
The signs † she bears of cruel deviltry.

* * * * * * * * * *

Sad was the soul of the chieftain, Gonzails,

* The pirate flag.
† The skull and cross-bones.

Lost on his ears were the ocean's wild wails;
He stood on the deck like a lone towering rock
Amid the wild hurricane's wrathful shock—
A vacant stare slept down deep in his eye—
Soul distant th' body as earth to the sky;
Yet plain to friend, and foe, and passer by,
There crouch'd a sleeping demon in his eye,
Which when aroused, the wildest, fiercest shocks
Of nature's wrath feebly his anger mocks.
As he now plainly to the view doth stand,
The last one left of Vinci's once large band,
'Tis clear to see how appears th' corsair brave,
The chieftain of the rovers of the wave—
His large, athletic form commands respect
Through fear—'though tall, it causes no defect
In looks—for with the build of an athlete,
Of him all say: "From head unto his feet
A model of great strength is he 'tis plain!"
His fierce black eyes grow soft, then fierce again.
Wild his looks—face handsome, yet one to fear—
He seems a god down fallen from his sphere;
His dress is plain—a cloth suit raven black—
'Round him belted, of trusty arms no lack.
His dark hair dangles wantonly in the wind,
High and broad his brow—his no common mind:
He moves the true embodiment of grace—
His sad heart mask'd by a proud and haughty face:
Had he not been th' victim of others' wrong,
He would have shone a great light midst the throng.
A noble spirit naturally was his,
But warp'd by crime and harden'd by it, this,
And taught from childhood that for him 'twas
Revenge to seek for his religion's cause,

Had changed and made him what we see him here,
The wicked, brave and hapless chief, all fear.
Then judge him not too hastily in his sin:
Put in his place, know you what you'd have been?
* * * * * * * * * *
The *Tiger* * fled on through yeast of the waves,
Leaving foam in her wake each soft ripple laves:
"Land ho!" shrieks th' lookout far up in the shrouds;
A phantom he looks—a ghost in the clouds.
A moment scarce fled since th' cry when on lee
Of th' deck, rose pirates like fiends from the sea.
Each in his hat wore an ebon black plume,
The heart's reflection:—to death do we doom!
They seek a glimpse of their green island home,
Where they alone find peace in Nepenthe's dark tome.
The wine cup yielding relief to the soul—
The forgetfulness found in flow of the bowl;
Intemperance to them the chief resource,
A Lethe to drown pain, grief and remorse;
A dear-bought boon, for with tenfold power
Next, Misery comes to haunt the hour—
As wealth the miser gets 'though all else is the cost,
Who gains what murders Happiness fearfully hath lost,
As Man did Woman gain, her price a future Hell!
Is it not told in sacred writ, that man by woman fell?
* * * * * * * * * *
With modest blush, fair Cynthia bids th' earth adieu,
Now Phœbus walks the azure heavens anew—
The isle they near grows plainer to the sight,
And shows the cannon, ope-mouth'd for the fight—
Prepared for battle should a battle call—

* The name of the rovers' vessel.

Defiance breathing from the beetling wall.
And too, with bold ensign *, the blood-red flag,
Floats proudly out from its rocky crag,
Reflecting Hades, mirror'd in its glare,
And reads no mercy, but to all despair.
From ship to shore, from shore to ship, a cheer
Pays back the donor with a voice as clear,
When shout on shout by these approaching friends
Re-echoes o'er the mountains, through the glens.
Behold the joy! call'd forth on time's face-track,
Which 'lures the wanderer in memory back!
Th' crowd on shore, are th' island guard, bold men who dare—
And women's softer presence also welcomes there,
Yet their sweet joy 's embittered with tort'rous mental pain,
As wildly o'er the ship their dark eyes, flashing, strain,
For husbands, lovers, friends!—O! lived each to come again!—
'Gainst hope they fear! for doth not each corsair
His life, his earth, his Heaven doubly dare!
Lo! hope hath won, and vanish'd every fear—
The cruise each rover liv'd, and now is here!
The smile, the kiss, the fond caress returning,
Each wanton couple now Hymeneal yearning,
Soon seek the flowery grove's sequester'd shade,
A perfumed bower for love—love long delay'd—
We leave to them fond Cupid's sylvan bower,
Where Love and Passion rule th' cytherean hour.
* * * * * * * * * *
But where is he Gonzails! had he no one
'Midst all the fair whom he could call his own!

* The skull and cross-bones.

Ah ! yes ! he loved and was belov'd by one,
A peerless beauty of the tropical sun,
Whose love was pure as Heaven's transparent streams,
She loved him as the poet loves his dreams !
The favor'd one she was of her island sex,
Not her wish but his who lovingly decks
Her snowy neck and arms with jewels rare,
Who lessen'd sadness—sooth'd each pensive care.
From those that pass'd their time in revelry,
With some loved servants of her own sex, she
Lived in a tower old, looming gray and high
Far o'er the earth, whose turret frets the sky—
And long this castle, dim in shadows strewn,
Had towering nodded to the queenly moon—
The moon, who in her bower beyond the earth,
Beholds each beauteous infant star at birth—
From th' tower had heard th' complaint of mortals sad,
And the fierce watch dog, baying hoarse and mad,
For many long, long years of weal and woe ;
And oft doth hear when the wild winds blow,
And the angry tempest blacks the scowling sky,
The waking eaglets wild and startled cry,
High nestled in the tower, midway from the storm,
Feeling the damp cold air which chills each naked form.
Erected by some misanthrope of old,
Well had the castle stood the wars of time, heat, cold,
For ages and ages—generations had flown,
While owl, bat and spider call'd it their own
Chance led the bold pirate to the lone isle
Deserted by man, 'though lived nature's smile.
As shields a mother with the fondest of care
From earth's unprincipled votaries there,

Her daughter, beautiful, lovely and chaste,
So nature hid th' isle in ocean's wide waste.
A spot of earth in the tropical climè—
A spot unchang'd to all save Time—
Nameless and unknown to the world; 'though sweet
To those who call'd it the "Corsair's Retreat!"
'Twas here, the lovely Peris said,
Soft Night with Darkness ne'er had fled,
Than Nature's music sweetly borne,
Did float around, while bright tears shed
The beauteous eyes of weeping Morn—
And peerless 'though in tears so sad;
Herself is Beauty, gay or melancholy mad!
Are these the tears of joy or grief
Which add new charms to flower and leaf?
They both commingle ever fondly, sweetly there,
Thus genially with soul of happiness or care—
Tho' Hope guides th' bark of life, tho' at th' helm
Despair—
Thus God sympathizes with what man must bear.
The island bloom'd, in loveliness, rich and rare—
Long each crystal stream, prolific there,
In gorgeous splendor flourish'd sweet parterre—
Here, 'midst this beauty, th' castle rose in air.
And here, where the tall tower's high turret broke
Th' sky, Gonzails' love lived—there her sweet voice
'woke
The silence of the twilight hour, between
Day's golden reign and Night's more sombre scene—
When sweet stars come and greet their silent queen.
Thus sang the Beauty, in her bower, unseen:
"Though thou in chastity, Diana! come!
Though thou, sweet star, in beauty roam!

You have no charms, no charms for me,
Who craves the absent lov'd to see!"
"Thou mayest come in glory, Light!
And thou in robes imperial, Night!
For ever th' same, are thy children, Time!
When my lover's absent, for whom I pine."
A sad and plaintive lay for that one far away,
Amid the storm of battle, or wild wind's fitful play;
One chain'd unto a crime—the fetters link'd by Fate,
Death only could unbind Ate's * scarlet chain of hate!
The hour of infancy saw his destiny on his brow—
Stern Fate he could not 'scape—to him each, all do bow!—
An oath of religion bound, cemented by a vow.
Then judge him not in pride, in hasty, thoughtless scorn,
Nor she who clung to him in tie of passion's morn,
Proud Beauty of gas-light to wealth wedded and born,
Since Fate decreed, since for love she had really given
Her all on earth to him, and risk'd her claims for Heaven.
While thus she sang, she felt the gloomy, painful fear:
"Will I e'er meet again him whom my heart holds dear?"
Thus ne'er do love's sweet pangs sway mortal's heart
Than fearful Nature the poison doth instill,
Of sick'ning misery, where Cupid's dreamy dart
Hath pierc'd, leaving the wretch in agony to smart—
Afraid earth's temporal pleasures may so fill
Enamored heart and soul, all else forgot
The soul too far will stray, from Heaven, its destin'd lot.

* The goddess of Revenge and Discord.

Peerless in her beauty, fair Inez, of face and form,
Loving the chief, Gonzails, with passion deep and warm,
If in life fail'd perfection—alas! of earth, who are?
There glow'd, as through the darkness at midnight glows a star,
One virtue from her faults, too precious to be bought—
Charity! that virtue—pure as an angel's thought—
Her mirror eyes, of beauty's sweetest mold,
Reflecting, her pure spirit's image told—
She needs but the call or object shown,
When Charity her kind heart doth own—
As kiss of zephyr on hidden bloom
Doth scatter abroad its sweet perfume!

Canto the Second.

Ah! here 's what allures—here 's what entices—
Leads man to virtue or deep into vices—
No sylph nor nymph more graceful than she—
Fair Inez, th' beautiful "Pearl of the Sea"—
With soul as spotless as fresh fallen snow
Ere mix'd with impurities of earth below—
With charms of person so wondrous fair
That the loveliest belle might well despair
To rival the beauty that was enshrined
In her form and face—which both combined—
A pearl she was, if perfection implies:
With carmine lips, and dark lustrous eyes,
And brow as fair as the pale lily, white,
Or airy snow-flake on th' far mountain hight—
With tresses flowing luxuriantly to view,
Of shade 'twixt raven's plume and hyacinthine hue,
Cheek damask, teeth of pearl, smile of purest love,
She look'd a sacred being fresh from God above,

Whom sweet, false hopes did down to sinful earth
entice--
Heaven's sweetest angel, misled, by Fate, from
Paradise!
Like a pearl she was ta'en from the dark, rolling sea,
The only one saved from the wreck of the *Bee*,
Which, ere it went down, nobly struggled the wave--
Like a soul it seem'd to implore Heaven to save.
As though in its vitals was buried a knife
The vessel plung'd wildly--a creature of life,
Apparently, suffering the greatest of pain--
A gasp, a shriek, then down, down in the main,
With Inez's parents, Count Galvo of Italy,
And Countess Galvo, all were borne 'neath the sea
Save one, the beautiful Inez Galvo,
Who in sorrow was left, in deepest of woe.
Lash'd to a spar by th' lov'd ones who 'd given
Her life, she was kiss'd, with a sigh and a tear,
And consign'd to mercies of waves and Heaven--
By a wild prayer follow'd: "O! God, pray hear!--
Save our child from th' deep! shield her delicate form!
Save!"--the voice was lost in shriek of the storm.
* * * * * * * * * *
The *Tiger* sail'd on to'ard the corsairs' isle,
Each rippling wave lit by a sunbeam's smile--
'Mid the flapping shrouds, Gonzails sat on high,
Hard by his old pilot he view'd the blue sky,
And the wave, where the storm had been so late,
And he sighed, when he thought, this child of fate,
Of those that perished in the deep, perforce;
Saying: "Would t' God they 'd liv'd, not I"--remorse
For his life he felt--but lo! his eyes keen,
Now some strange object in the sea have seen!

Swift he goes to th' deck and mans a boat,
And soon he takes from the sea, afloat,
With his own hands, a beautiful girl, so fair
He thought her some immortal child of air.
Inez was the jewel cast up by the storm—
Snatch'd out of Death's jaws, Life flutter'd back warm.
Gonzails lov'd her, and swore to shield her from harm
Though it took the last drop from his good right arm.
So radiant lovely and so beautiful was she,
And on th' wave found, he named her th' Pearl of th' Sea.
Say ye 'twas strange, that with heart, she gave all
To him, who' d sav'd her from a watery pall!
That solely, she gave her heart to that one.
That each sigh was for him, and him alone!
* * * * * * * * * *
What is that which oft 'lures the wanderer on,
When vanish'd and lost, life's pleasures are gone!
'Tis Hope! who comes like the smile of the spring,
And sweet is that life where waves her bright wing—
She oft helps the sot from the gutter's low mud,
And cheers him o'er dark Alcohol's flood.
To th' fair penitent go—misfortune's frail daughter,
Point Hope—'twill vanish her cares, as on water
The bubbles that rise a moment to lave,
Are drowned to sight by the bright, clear wave—
As the seaman becalm'd feels his cheeks warmer grow
When first breathes the monsoon's periodical blow.
Despair cries: "In vain!" life's burdensome song;
Hope whispers: "Thou' ll conquer! With Faith journey along!"
E'en in vision is felt this wondrous power—

When lost to reason, Somnus claims the hour—
'Tis night! wild, deep, black, dread, profound,
One floats the air, now flies the ground;
A stranger to himself he seems,
His brain with vagaries wildly teems;
He, nearer a gulf of Horrors, flees,
And more imagines that he sees,
For soon Hell opens to the gaze,
Where sights and sounds the senses craze.
Hell's minions—ghastly grinning crew,
Now burst in terror on the view—
And Pluto claims his victim even—
But lo! from open'd cloud of Heaven,
Almighty God appears—profoundly saith:
"I will thee save! hope thou! in me have faith!"
Like wolves when foil'd of prey for which they prowl,
Th' Plutonian host—each face a malignant scowl,
Now disappears with dismal, baffled howl.
Hope wins, the sleeper smiles in joy, once more,
Night leaves the soul, and Light illumes before!
Hope guided Inez through the dark wold, Fear,
When her lover was absent on th' far ocean drear.
The days and nights she pass'd up in the tower,
Where alone she liv'd in her secluded bower,
Like some sweet, solitary forest flower
Breathing unseen—the loveliest 'neath the sky—
Too beautiful to meet the rude World's vulgar eye.
As the fond wretch, to misery given,
Longs the elysian bliss of Heaven,
This sybaritic siren sighs and pines
For the ecstatic bliss she only finds—
A passionate joy that sooths and charms—
In the warm embrace of her lover's arms.

Thus even as she longs, Gonzails as warm,
Is hast'ning to clasp her melting form—
And that anticipated joy embrac'd
"Sweeter to soul than honey to th' taste!"
* * * * * * * * * * *
'Midst Inez's night of sorrow, Hope's light dimmer grows—
But lo! bright morn of joy breaks sweetly on her woes!
She 's happy! he comes! her lover! 'tis bliss
To see him! O! life! that ye ever were this—
As blissful as the bliss the angels feel
When th' soul thought lost to Heaven doth kneel!
Fierce Fear hath vanish'd—Joy takes her *role*,
And lifts the dark cloud from Inez's soul,
Revealing the long hid smiles that trace
And illume the beauty of her face,
As th' rose which Winter doth long oppress,
Comes forth in beauty at Spring's caress—
Its sweetness for a time unseen
Hath but increas'd tenfold, I ween!
Joy! the light of her young life doth dawn!
Inez, enraptur'd, smiles happy, 'tis one
Of all on earth, that claims each tear, each sigh—
'Tis life to welcome—'tis death to bid good-bye.
How truly fond, how fondly true
The love of th' beauty that glides to view,
Is evinc'd in actions—in glances thrown
To'ard him swift coming o'er the meadow mown,
As hast'ning she meets 'neath the mistletoe bough,
That one—her lover—where pledg'd was their vow.
No less he return'd her passion so warm—
She th' star of his night—the calm in life's storm;

Their mutual, pure, rare, peerless love,
A ray on earth of the radiant light above!
* * * * * * * * * *
As th' snow flake lives in ocean, life lives in the sea of Time,
Man lives, dies soon and sinks in ages' oblivious slime.
In nations' storm, a flash!—in ages' night, a dawn!—
Life on waves of ages rises, a bubble that bursts—is gone!
The good and bad alike fall to oblivious graves!—
While through Eternity sea roll ages' passing waves.

CANTO THE THIRD.

Hark! hark! what tocsin breaks upon the ear!
Wild cry of merriment, and yell, and cheer!
Sounds of the revel in the outlaws' cave,
O'er wines and treasures—the spoils of the wave.
Strong libations from golden goblets pour;
Bacchanalian songs mingle with ocean's roar!
The silvery peal of the siren's merry laugh
Comes wafting on the breeze's balmy quaff,
From where Passion's ardent love-lit glance
Is flung o'er revelers in the mazy dance;
Where eyes drink love from eyes with mutual powers,
As sips each other's sweets, Night's fair, fragrant flowers,
While outlaws and their lemans clasp'd in love's embrace,
Whirl through th' mazy dance to music' measur'd pace.
The sparkling wine, the drunken glee,
Tell of their wild hilarity,
Show plainly chief and sole intent
Is but the present enjoyment.

By sybaritic pleasures, time 's beguil'd;
A carnival feast, a banquet wild:
Carousals that drown th' nightmare of thought,
Nepenthe of mind, the Lethe oft sought.
Guitar and lute combined and met
In sweet, wild tones, the castanet;
In chorus the music rose and fell,
Through vaulted caverns, with ocean's swell.
The voluptuous tune, the seducing waltz,
Show'd grace and beauty and hid the faults.
Here are Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne;
Here Bacchus the worship'd deity,
To whom the outlaws their libations pour,
The god whom their wild, savage souls adore.
* * * * * * * * * *
Far! far from earth and all the spheres,
Etern, throughout Eternal years
Is changeless; where Time's hand doth touch,
Is seen mutation great and much.
The sweetest moments of life fly past,
And helpless wither in death at last;
Never should mortal this thought forget:
'Mid many that enhance the minuet,
E'en in her happiest hour, elate,
The beauty bows to the blast of Fate,
Though the most beautiful one is she,
Where all are beautiful, remarkably!
Alas! that the lovely and beautiful should fade!
Yet Fate decrees, that Death shall reign unstay'd,
Till fleeting time hath ended, nevermore to be,
And voices now heard blending so happy, blithe and free,
Shall ever sweetly echo throughout Eternity!

Without the cave the fair scene nature is,
No sound of revelry, more of Heaven than this.
Here flows the lucid, sparkling stream,
Beneath the hot sun's scorching beam,
O'er rocks of porph'ry, beds of sand,
And snake-like gliding through the land;
At length flows out its channel's bed,
And, like an apparition, fled,
Into the vasty ocean dread.
The forest bows before the breeze,
Where wild birds sing their melodies;
And others flutter through the trees,
Which oft do ope their foliage green,
Where th' frightened deer has fled between.
Here myrtle with the ivy vine,
In clinging tendrils amorous twine,
And here and there wild flowers, serene,
Fling soft their beauty o'er the scene.
Far floating, the rich, sweet perfume,
Seems to ascend to Heaven's high bloom,
Beyond the human ken to trace---
Beyond infinity of space.
Here, lost, the mountain streamlet stray'd
Through meadows green, and forest glade;
Now winding east, now winding west,
As fearful where, which course the best,
Like agony of thought, which love so oft inspires,
A soul still fluttering 'twixt two fond desires.
And here and there, of rarest kind,
Th' Wild Flower dances to the Wind
Merrily, till tired with this,
She sleeps—then wakens to the bliss
Of listening to her lover's voice,

That makes her gentle heart rejoice;
And blushes rise when he caresses—
Thus, in sweet confusion, she confesses
'Tis he alone her heart that blesses—
'Tis he alone who claims her sighs:
As oft the loving Wind replies
That she has all his sympathies.
Here frowning cliffs o'erhang the sea—
There, far beneath, the waters flee,
Where skyward towering, mammoth rocks,
That firmly stand the mighty shocks
Fierce ocean heaves in wrath, still fret
The heavens, as looms mosque's minaret.
Though round about the storm may sweep—
Far from the shore—high o'er the Deep—
Seeming mighty ghosts from giant tombs,
There, warning of approaching dooms,
Each mammoth monster upward looms.
Here flows and ebbs the tide, with fruitless toil,
To move a petrean barrier from the soil,
Which ages hath and will its progress foil--
As th' heart, through love, though reason doth revoke
and shame,
Some fond delusive hope still cherishes the same.
And here and there o'er halcyon spots,
Come whispering voices from hidden grots:
As Nature speaks from earth or sky
Fond Echo ever doth reply.
Pale shadows flitting o'er the streams,
Weird phantoms, seem, of restless dreams,
While golden fish and silver too,
Bright sparkle waves, as on flowers, th' dew,
'Neath Fauna, Pan and Flora's view.

The owlet shrieks from shaded perch,
Th' squirrel dances gayly on the birch ;
Where th' laughing hyena fiercely growls—
Answering th' prowling jackal's howls,
The frighten'd Dewdrop doth retreat
Between th' wild flower's petals sweet,
And a timid Zephyr, by wild fears driven,
On a sunbeam glides to its home in Heaven.
A cadence, far out o'er the bay,
Is chanted by the wild winds' play,
And ripples laughing at the tide,
Thrown back by breakers on its side,
Seem merry as a new-made bride.
The zephyr's sigh on the rock-bound shore
Commingles with the wild waves' roar.
Here where the wide bay 'gins to grow,
And stops the course of streamlet's flow,
And flow and ebb of tide to hem,
Sparkles the hyacinthian gem.
Where waves kiss shore, as oft they 've met,
Nods the sweet wild mignonette
To gentle zephyr floating nigh,
Or breath of Heaven passing by.
Like in their aerial homes th' Peris of th' sky,
Lament that Fate did rob them from on High,
In voices sweet, but ah ! too sad to cloy
Fond Beauty's breast, which should o'erflow with joy,
Or wailing tunes of dying year,
Æolian harps sound far and near ;
Sweet melody that seems to tell,
Of a hallow'd bower in a fragrant dell,
Where Love and Beauty sweetly dwell ;
A spot profuse with beauty's sheen

As Tempe's fair, delightful scene—
As home of Israfeel*, where flows free
Soft, sweet, exquisite melody.
From vale to mountain-top, that looms,
The loveliest growth of Nature blooms.
The light of day, once more, well-nigh has fled,
Sol sleepy hangs o'er his hesperian bed;
While slow, with laurels, fades departing Light,
Bright stars of beauty garland the brow of Night!
Here, man, entranc'd, fore'er might live, I ween,
Drinking the wondrous beauty of the scene—
In such suggestive spots, the wide world o'er,
Live knowledge mines, most precious to explore—
Where mystic lore is imbibed, from all around,
By one who has a mind and soul profound—
One wise and thoughtful—one who delves his best
For secrets hidden deep in Nature's breast—
And feels at heart, that yet the hour will be
When he will learn life's great, strange mystery!
Oft clouds flit o'er the chaste moon's light,
And far into the distant dreamy night,
Where Will-o'-the-wisps in marshes, oft, do leave,
Th' deluded followers lost, they 'lure but to deceive—
As in robe of vanity worn by preacher and th' priest,
Th' fawning knave and long fac'd hypocrite may feast;
As oft th' tender sigh, the blush and fallen lid beguiles,
And craftily hides the aim of the designing woman's
wiles.
From woods, from air, from off the sea,
Come voices of sylphs and nymphs merrily!
Close in the breezes seeming dwelt,

* The angel Israfeel—Whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

Like viewless symphony, heard and felt,
The spirits of departed friends—
Now near, now far, as Fancy lends:
Who come from their sweet homes afar,
Where th' great and good Eternals are—
High o'er those mystic lamps * of night
Hanging to Heaven's vaulted hight,
'Neath which the twilight hour oft whiles—
To th' lover "basking in beauty's smiles"—
To all! Thus all false Time beguiles!
Afar upon the deep blue sea,
Fair Nereids are dancing merrily,
To Nature's music borne o'er th' Deep,
Wafting from lyre her airy fingers sweep;
Where waves in limpid beauty blent,
Reflecting the starry firmament.
Now sweetly in the twilight air
Floats heavenly image of an angel there:
Th' Omnipotent, in the azure sky,
Is faintly mirror'd to mortal's eye—
Alas! scarce seen—quick vanishes away!—
A moment's glimpse of Heaven-reflected ray!
Now shadowy veils the peerless moon,
Lo! appears in silvery silence! soon
Behind another cloud she 's flown,
As the imperious coquette's heart is shown.
And now, fair Luna's blushes glow,
In modesty, from lake below,
Nestled fondly 'neath the sylvan shade—
The homes of dryad, nymph, gnome and naiad—
And many a star that in Heaven pends,
To bosom of lake its beauty lends.

* The stars.

Now cloudy phantoms race afar,
And swiftly flit 'neath pale lit star,
And fly across the moon as fast
As thistle-down before the blast;
Thus proudly they through upper deep,
Speed on to death—to wail and weep*.
'Tis late!—on th' nervous one's quick, sleepless mind
Steals th' thought: a spectre hovers in the wind!—
Who next, in superstitious fright,
Hears some dark Demon chuckle from the night!
* * * * * * * * * *
'Tis sweet on ocean's shore in solitude to stray,
And hear th' sad waves murmuring a sweet and pensive lay.
'Tis sweet to linger there, on the wild and lonely shore,
And listen to the music of its sad and sullen roar—
To the eternal monotone of restless sea and breeze—
Of Nature's many voices, wooing hard to please.
Thus e'er, in all things grand and dear to mortal, free,
Nature speaks her praise of God's profound sublimity.
'Tis sweet with friends to wander on the pebbly beach,
And to, alone, read what nature's great book can teach,
E'er open—and there invade th' realm of Thought, where sing
The Bards, high soaring on imagination's wing!
'Tis sweet, when lovely Morn her orient light distills,
And gladdens with her voice, plains, forests, vales and hills,
To find black horrors gone, which near by seem'd to be—
Laugh'd off by happy Joy—a nightmare's phantasy.
'Tis sweet at noon, when Sol rides midway overhead,

*To thunder and rain.

To hope a future bright—past disappointments fled.
'Tis sweet on summer's eve t' seek th' cool sequester'd bower,
And there, with one while away the swift fleeting hour,
When sweet affection's tendrils lovingly do bind
Two trusting hearts and souls in one united mind;
And in the sylvan shade, far hid from all we shun,
To lingering caress that lovely, loving one,
Who mutually returns each sympathetic sigh
Untarnish'd by the World's cold, calculating eye.
But sweeter far than all—to soul most purely dear—
Is an unselfish heart and a conscience that is clear!
Then all is well, for Truth hath vanish'd Error's woes,
Though beauteous Dawn awakes—though Twilight seeks repose
Within the folds of her voluptuous gossamer bed,
With Night's soft mantle gently o'er her spread:—
Though life be sweet to us, and sweet hope's cherish'd dream
While floating on like driftwood adown the fatal stream,
We are that which we are, but what we can but deem—
We know not, but we bravely trust immortal as we seem!

Canto the Fourth.

In th' solitary dell, where wild winds sadly weep,
The isle a mystery kept, as sometimes secrets keep.
Oft sounded afar an unearthly yell!
As if souls were struggling on the brink of Hell!
This yell arising over mist and gale,
Seem'd a stern warning to th' wicked in its wail.
The cry at midnight rose—in the gloom

Uneasy spirits shriek'd forth their doom
With fiendish horror—ever at noon
Of night, in Erebus darkness, or 'neath th' pale moon,
When very isle trembled at the terrible roar—
When fear held many spell-bound to the floor
Of th' cave, perspiring cold sweat from each pore,
Till each demoniac yell died far on th' wind—
When reason returned to the half-frenzied mind.
Save Gonzails—who would have brav'd th' hosts of Hell
In all their fury, fiendish, fierce, and fell!—
Not even would the boldest outlaw dare
The sombre dell—the weird gloom ever there—
Where howls and shrieks of misery, death, despair,
Came floating on the midnight breezes' blow,
With other signs of melancholy woe;
As when savage Murder blasts th' pale forlorn,
Slaying all he meets, from th' aged to th' babe but born:
And on his bloody track, savage of face and form,
Fierce, gory Vengeance rides the rolling storm—
And helpless mortals hope not, but sink in fear,
For Darkness fights for both—hurling th' fatal spear.
'Though none the proof could find, suspicion, darkling, fell,
That the corsair chief with the weird spectres talked;
Holding communion in the dread haunted dell
At night-tide, when with grim phantoms he walked—
'Twas all they dared—for they no questions asked—
His smileless face they feared—a face e'er masked!
* * * * * * * * * *
'Twas rumor'd that a bloody massacre had led
To the lost spirits of the murder'd, restless dead,

Hovering over corses whose blood a foul foe shed—
And, too, with many a shudder, 'twas breath'd, in dread:—
They were not ghosts in th' dell that shriek'd so startling there!
But th' fiendish laugh of ten thousand demons on the air!
Ten thousands demons mocking man in his despair!
* * * * * * * * * *
Thou! spirit of Eternity's darkened space,
That gives no hope of thy shadowy race,
Canst thou no solace find?—no secret spell?—
Lost wanderer o'er earth, through gloomy Hell?
Debarr'd from Heaven, is there no rest, no Lethe for thy woe?
Dost thou, strange being! not some nepenthe know?
"Lost! lost! lost!" A voice from the tomb!
"Lost! lost! lost!" It speaks of its doom!
Why should I thus so madly question thee!
'Twas ever thus—is now, alas!—O! will it ever be?
* * * * * * * * * *
With that strange, subtle and mysterious power
Of thought, we silently enter the lone, gray tower!

[GELNORE GONZAILS and INEZ GALVO in their favorite room of the tower.]

Inez.—O! dear Gelnore! I've an unpleasant dream
To tell thee of thyself—though it may be
Distasteful, I trust thou wilt overlook
My fault, if fault it be in me to tell!
I hope—O! fervently I hope 'tis false!
Thou 'lt not chide me for what I feel through love?

Gonzails.—A dream thou 'd tell? Of course a woeful one—

About my being slain, or plunged in th' deep,
At night, asleep on deck. Were it not thou
I' d refuse to hear: but proceed, tell me my fate!
Inez.—'Twas eve! I wander'd on a lonely shore,
As oft I've heard its voice, the sea sobb'd low;
Immerg'd half in water, with wild white face,
On thy back reclining, 'twas a dreary spot,
Thy locks toss'd by the wind, alas! I saw
Thee dead! O God! my heart, in misery bled—
A melancholy spirit and alone
I seem'd—wandering in the breezes by th' sea.
Gonzails.—Thou, e'er solicitous for my welfare,
Hast felt, dear one, th' result of all thy fears
In slumbers—'twas an incubus—
Inez.—Th' nightmare?
Alas! no! dear Gelnore it seem'd not to be—
I fear 'twas a warning and a prophecy!
Gonzails.—Forget this dream, for it can only sadden
Our lives, and yield no good.
Inez [with an affectionate caress].—Thy heart I'd gladden!
Content thyself—I'll tune my good guitar
And sing to thee as oft of Trafalgar—
Thy favorite piece when sad is thy spirit:
Wilt thou join with thy voice whilst I sing it?
Gonzails.—Thanks, but my voice has grown like the rough sea—
Please excuse me from singing—sing to me
Any piece that suits thine own musical ear:
My Pearl of the Sea, 'tis th' singer I'd hear!
With a voice which would rival Israfeel's own,
Pathetic and grand was her lay and her tone.
What e'er each other's pleasures such each craves,

Thus Cupid binds his not unwilling slaves.
* * * * * * * * * *
The days were many to those on the isle,
In luxurious ease their hours did while.
Earth's pleasures must end, as end doth its pain,
The pirates long'd greatly once more for the main,
The wine was consum'd, the brandy was gone,
They wish'd a change on the wide waters wan,
As ne'er a restless wanderer long finds a peaceful home,
Some distant fond delusion ever whispers: "Roam."
The love of Inez was as deep as th' sea,
And not wishing to part with her idol, she
Oft ask'd to go with Gonzails when he cruised;
That danger to her the outlaw e'er refused.
Then she tried to persuade him to give up th' sea
For th' love she would give so abundant and free,
With all the power of her lovely charms,
And tried the force of her dream's alarms;
When all else fail'd, in depths of her fears,
She tried woman's last resource, her tears,
Which smote her lover with such poignant force,
He nigh repented in his soul his course;
Resolved to stay in that moment of bliss,
While sealing the last long lingering kiss—
Hark! 'tis the rifle's crack! now th' cannon's boom!
And on the shore the smokes of battle loom!
As oft Gelnore Gonzails hath heard in days before,
Loud rolls each startling crash—the thund'ring peals of war—
The guard's quick shout—the vidette's hoarse wild cry—
Tell of surprise, tell of death or victory!

Now thick and fast on th' chief's uneasy soul,
Past wars in all their ghastly horrors roll,
As gath'ring clouds beneath the moon rush o'er,
Grim Phantoms hast'ning to a mighty war,
That shriek o'er tempest thunder shouts afar;
With shrieks breathe lightning from their fiery throats,
When shakes in terror each lone living star—
Till over all, Death, the triumphant, gloats.
* * * * * * * * * *
The lovers parted with the battle's first wild knell:
"Good-bye, dear Pearl!" were words that fondly came
To ears of Inez, who kiss'd what she fear'd to name
By lips, 'though utter'd heart what they had fail'd to tell—
The ominous thought embodied in adieu, good-bye, farewell.
Now sadly this Cytherean Beauty feels,
The loss which Fear, awaken'd from her steals.
One by one, large tears mount to her lovely eyes—
Wrench'd from her heart—o'er each cheek slowly trails,
When no longer her lover's form she descries,
Knowing the danger to Gelnore Gonzails;
For ne'er would he yield the battle to foes,
'Though enemies desperate and many oppose.
* * * * * * * * * *
Gonzails apace dash'd onward in the front
Of the fierce battle, and there bore its brunt.
Where'er the thickest crowd, alive and dead,
"His sable plumage nodded o'er his head"—
Fiercely he cheered his comrades on to fight—
E'en though 'twas wrong, he thought he battled right.
The enemy came like the desert simoom,

Twelve Moslem war ships the pirates to doom,
Mohammedan warriors sent out to th' field,
To conquer a foe that never would yield;
For foes a score of times had vainly striven
To take the isle at night, morn, noon and even.
'Though ne'er before surprised, the island guard,
Pick'd men, whose prowess to o'ercome was hard,
Saw their dark foes, a squadron, making way,
O'er th' ramparts, from out the island bay.
Then their alarm resounded on the coasts—
These foes had risen silently as ghosts;
Mighty men, th' Moors that scaled, and used to war,
And ere 'neath foes they fell to rise no more,
Fought like fierce fiends upon the bloody shore.

* * * * * * * * * *

With cannon, gun and cimetar,
And other implements of war,
The Moors attempt to waken fear
In th' bosom of the buccaneer—
With battering-rams they beat the side
Of th' high wall towering o'er the tide,
Trying to dash it from the bank:
As well might they have storm'd Mont Blanc.
When climbing 'gainst the pirates' fire
Of missiles of destruction dire,
Fearful squadrons ere they die,
Oft to Allah and th' Prophet cry,
To help them scale the desperate flights
Of frowning ramparts towering hights—
But soon they fall, drench'd in their gore,
'Neath death's fierce thunderbolts of war;
Hurl'd like snow-flakes from the clouds,
They 're soon engulf'd—'neath watery shrouds.

On deck, on land, all 'round, death's pall!
With many wounds bold warriors fall,
And shrieks the wild demoniac blast
Of dread war, madly howling past
The dead and dying everywhere,
Whose blood, by thirsty sea, earth, air,
Is drunk from them in their despair.
Through opening of the direful wound,
Souls forth emerge, unseen, around,
And from each ghastly corse, death's prey,
Its fierce wild ghost doth glide away,
Unwilling, to'ard those dismal wolds,
Where swift the dark Styx ever rolls.
Some live, some die, some rave with frenzying aches:
Thus Jove, at his desire, oft gives, oft takes,
Though none may know, when Sleep's twin brother Death,
Is hovering o'er with his foul poison'd breath.
* * * * * * * * * *
Each pirate fought bravely, throughout the strife,
He fought for his all, his home, his life—
His joy was as mad o'er a prostrate foe,
As a fiend's, when gloating o'er the damn'd, below.
'Though savage the foe, they slowly gave way,
As others had done, bold and strong as they.
Now, th' chief falls fighting the many he hates,
Who fight him with th' wrath of th' furies and th' fates.
He falls to the ground beneath many blows,
Shower'd upon him by fierce, savage foes—
But lo! he rises and renews the fight,
And looks in his wrath like the storm of night!
And scores of Moors pay full well for his fall—

For th' many he kills would a ghoul appall!
When 'midst dire confusion the enemy are flying,
Again he falls, bloody, 'midst dead and th' dying—
But ere to others he resign'd the hour,
A host of foes in death to him did cower.
* * * * * * * * * *
Beholding her lover fall 'midst battle smoke,
Inez despair'd and swoon'd and no more awoke
To this life's hopes and fears. Too young she dies—
The thought of her lover's death was her demise.
Thus died she, Count Galvo's only daughter,
An outlaw's paramour through love died she,
A pure gem Fate cast on the world and water,
And destin'd an outlaw's lovely prize to be—
In life all that is beautiful astray,
She yet in death a lovely ruin lay.
Had Fate not decree'd to lead her astray—
A diadem star—the belle of her day—
Not solely where beauty may win the goal—
But radiant nobleness of heart and soul;
And long the poor would have bless'd her, by love,
As an angel of mercy from the throne above.
Justice to th' dead! tho' in life, it be denied,
By those of selfish, egotistic pride—
E'en now, in name of truth, fair Astræa *, like a star,
Beholds my Muse's flight, with anxious eyes, afar.
* * * * * * * * * *
Ye who have felt the fierce and bitter pain,
When Death bears off those whom ye dearly love—
When desolate, you see a dear one lain
In gloomy shroud—entomb'd—no more to move—
Will understand the feelings of the corsair chief,

* Astræa, the Goddess of Innocence and Purity, and the Daughter of Justice.

Whose heart was broken—buried in his grief—
At sight of Inez dying; as falls the sweet spring flower,
Kill'd by the poison'd blast that breathes in its lovely bower.
Though sorrow wreck or chasten erring hearts,
Harsh is death's blow when loving friends it parts.
* * * * * * * * * *
Chastity! thou that long hath held
The world's existence on, in Virtue's modest check,
Man owes to thee in heart, joy knell'd,
For th' little pure that saved from Vice—Corruption's wreck—
Warm thanks to surface ever gurgling up,
As overflows th' boiling, sparkling chaldron cup.
* * * * * * * * * *
The chief is sad and alone in the tower,
A bleeding bruis'd stem bereft of the flower.

[GONZAILS' soliloquy over the corse of INEZ.]

"Till now, in this world, I have wish'd to move—
Till now I had one in this wide waste to love,
Who far more than return'd th' love that she craved:
Aye! she was too good for me, so much depraved.
Alas! Love's gone—Life from Hate's fountain drinks!
Accurs'd be the chain * which e'er to Ate links.
The great and damning curse on earth to me,
E'er has been th' Vinci chain of Destiny—
A chain that 's slowly rusted, link by link,
And I, the last, am hovering on the brink!
Could I but lay in death by that dear form,
All would be calm--no more of this life's storm!
One hour with thee, dear Inez! would be divine!

* The Chain of his Destiny.

Alas! vanish'd in death that hour will ne'er be mine!"
The outlaw gaz'd on his dead leman's bier,
While sadly flow'd from his eyes, tear by tear,
The last of his happiness—all earth's desires.—
He felt deserted by all th' soul requires—
By man and God, by Hope's faint shadow even;
He longing gazed to th' dreamy depths of Heaven,
Then on th' beauteous corse of her he loved so well—
'Though he now speaks, his soul far more could tell:
"Far through the shades of years—strife, havoc, war—
Thou hast been th' only bright and tranquil star."
While gazing on th' corse of the sole one he loved,
His heart and his soul's best impulses moved;
On her cold brow and lips he placed a kiss—
No agony was e'er more keen than this,
And too, it held th' last Hybla of his bliss!
There crept through his soul, a dread—a nameless fear—
He gave to the dead—'twas all he could—a tear.
From youngest infancy—from year to year—
His life that moment center'd in that scalding tear.
"I will seek again th' gloomy haunted dell—
From those weird ghosts oft mingling wildly there,
By that resistless power—the Vendetta spell—
I 'll rip the unseen future from them bare!
Until now I have not sought nor wished to know,
While she lived I hoped this dark life to outgrow—
While she lived I loved, but now all is woe!"
As one whose fond wishes gone ever unheard,
At length dies a victim to hopes long deferred.
'Though cheered are the sick when Hope watches, care
And death pangs are felt when hovers Despair.

Gonzails carried the dead, so lovely and so dear,
And placed her in her tomb, a rocky vault her bier,
Where naught could disturb her rest in the sepulchre;
Far from th' haunt of man and animal, he placed her,
Then kissed her, saying: "Thy only fault was loving me!
Farewell! farewell!" His voice died out in agony.

Canto the Fifth.

[Gonzails in the haunted dell.—Time, near Midnight.]

Gonzails.—By that which binds us!—By Fate's deep power!—By th' Vendetta vow!—
By th' conjuror's spell and magic power!—By all! I now
Call ye! spirits of Vinci's band! to waken unto me!
E'en though afar, come from th' air, clouds and night!—come from th' sea!—
Come from the realms of Invisibleness! speak and harken ye!"

[Sulphurous odors impregnate the air, and immediately afterwards several puffs of flame and smoke are seen, accompanied by a rumbling, sullen sound—Spirits appear—Gonzails shudders.]

Spirits.—Short sighted mortal! what wouldst thou
With freed spirits? Child of clay!
We 've come—we dare not break our vow!—
What wouldst thou with us, say?

Gonzails.—I' d know how long my soul must battle with the flesh—
How long I'm to be link'd to th' accurs'd Vendetta vow?
Compelling me on through dark labyrinthian mesh,
When shall I rest fore'er in sleep this aching brow?

Spirits.—What meanest thou, rash mortal?
Think not to cross death's portal,
Whilst thou hast such great cause to live!—
In thee our only hopes survive!
Religion's vow, told us, on Earth—
Instill'd in us from very birth—
That long as blood of foes survived,
Of Heaven, we would be deprived!—
We know the changes on man's sphere,
But we have found no knowledge here
Of our Vendetta; naught of Heaven's bliss,
A longing for it, only this—
And yet we feel, too well! too well!
We near th' dreadful gulf of Hell!
E'er at th' solemn hour of midnight drear,
Hell yawns and shows us much to fear!—
Thou! only thou our course can stay,
And to high Heaven ope the way!
Thou 'rt lone on Earth of our Vendetta!
Beware the offsprings of Roletta!
For five of his damn'd blood remain!
List! shouldst thou leave Earth ere all 're slain,
We all are lost!—a broken spell!—
Eternally we' ll creep through Hell!

[SPIRITS EXEUNT.]

Gonzails.—Back! by our Vendetta vow, its power,
return! beware!
Or by high Heaven this knife shall blast your hopes
fore'er!

[HOLDING a poinard in his hand, high over his head, ready to drive it to his heart.]

[SPIRITS reappear and rapidly speak.]

"Hold! rash mortal! wouldst thou prove indeed
A fiend? What! wouldst thou leave us here? Proceed!
Thyself slay! and thine own woe as dread
As ours will be! If number'd with the dead
E'er all our foes, we're lost!—Send them before,
And thou and we are bless'd forever more!"
Gonzails.—Then hast and tell me all I wish ye to unfold!
Why thus in ignorance leave me? Ye have not yet told
Where one of these ill-fated five are to be found!
I might seek in vain from pole to pole and earth around!
It seems to me I 've slain enough to satisfy
Fierce Death himself, and yet ye say five more must die!
A Spirit.—One lives in Venice, a Venetian count
With him his two sisters—
[A PAUSE.]
Gonzails.—Which to three amount—
Spirit.—This night, a mother dies, a child 's born to weep,
'Neath th' arching bow—not that of Upper Deep—
But where 'midst vales the Alpine torrents creep. *
The fifth and last, in one respect 's like thee;
He roams the wide, deep waters of the sea—
His ship 's a licens'd merchantman, and he
A lawful trader of th' land of Italy!
List! heed our Vendetta! the Vinci vow!
And all 's well! our sufferings all shalt thou
Escape! and thus thou 'll raise us out of woe!—

* A phenomenon seen among the Alps.

Then heed! heed mortal! we go! we go!—
Gonzails.—Hold! hold! I invoke ye! I command ye! I adjure!
Their names! their names! or I can no longer endure
This red horror of blood—this continuous nightmare!
Reveal e'er night's noon wakens th' cries of despair!
Another Spirit.—The royal Venetian
Is the Count Orsini,
His sisters patrician
Husbands wedded, of power;
Their husbands soon died—
The victims of our
Vendetta they fell—
The twin brothers Bembo.
In the wild Swiss dell,
The child of the mother
A moment since dead,
Hath th' surname, mortal brother,
Of Strozzi, whose given name
To tell, we forward press,
For by mortals it 's unknown—
'Twill be this nothingness:
The name Agostino!
Captain Sforza makes five—woe
Is ours should th' five outlive thee!
Mortal! heed! heed!—we go!
To thy mission! hence! hence!
Gonzails.—Hold! Unveil the dark future! O when from earth will I be free?
When sail I from th' sea of Time into th' ocean of Eternity?
All the Spirits.—We 'll answer not, 'though ask'd by thee!

We 're not permitted to relate!
Nor Life, nor Death swerve Heaven's decree!—
Knowledge cannot change Fate!

[SPIRITS vanish in space. GONZAILS gazes at vacancy, where the souls of the departed were last seen, muttering:]

"I care not to call ye back from your hell beyond the tomb!—
O! God! that I was certain of some less fearful doom!"

[THE CORSAIR CHIEF slowly leaves the dell, and with no signs of the bitterness of his heart, appears before his band, who welcome him with the cry: "Long live our brave captain, GELNORE GONZAILS!"]

* * * * * * * * * *

From wounds, which ever are with war allied,
Where Life and Death, austere, are side by side,
On Mars' red field, where ghouls are wont to roam,
Rose up, save those who 'd gone to their long home,
Th' pirate warriors, of whom their chief thought well;
Brave had they fought, bravely many fell!

* * * * * * * * * *

Gonzails and his wild crew slowly now embark;
The chief's soul is in deepest gloom—no night as dark.
The *Tiger* leaves her moorings, on her ocean flight,
When sweetly smiles afar the peerless Queen of Night,
From off her gorgeous throne, amid the spheres so bright,
Which light-houses seem for man that pitying angels light.
While shines the lamp of day Gonzails cannot bear to leave

The spot which held th' object his heart and soul do grieve.
Sadly of the past, and pleasure's mocking smile,
He thinks, as to himself he thus doth talk the while :
"Ne'er shall I return to gaze on this lonely shore,
Nor, as in other days, wander the island o'er.
Doubtless beneath the sea where Ruin dwells, alone,
To drown and perish there, unseen, unwept, unknown,
Will ere long be the way that I 'll end my mad career,
Unless some deadly weapon soon should interfere—
My love hath no response, hope hath also flown—
Vengeance ! I live for thee, and for thee, alone !
When thou art satisfied, I've lived my wretched life ;
That hour I trust is nigh, when ends my days of strife.
Then Time's ills will change for those of Eternity !—
But better far th' the evils Death may hound on me,
Than this most woeful life !—Through thee, Fate ! thy decree,
Came my woes, and as my savior, I shall trust in in thee !"
And now upon his eyes, while memory seems to mock,
Dies one by one the visage of each dim island rock.
* * * * * * * * * *
Afar upon th' main, like a bird that is free,
Flees th' *Tiger* proudly, 'neath th' blue canopy.
She tosses her head like a haughty belle,
As onward she floats o'er the ocean-swell—
Over ocean, where fiercely th' wild winds sweep
Or lull'd in silence with calm waves sleep.
Behold ! the day-god sinks down to his rest,
And o'er the wide waters smiles from the west !
And he sheds in his beam a weird red light,
Till veil'd into slumber by shades of th' night.

'Tis " night on the waters ", and dark as the doom
That waits the murderer though gone to his tomb!
'Tis night! moon and stars are hid from the view
Of th' children of earth, of th' *Tiger's* fierce crew.
How silent it is!—there 's a flash in the sky!--
It seems the red glare of a mad-god's eye!
Hark! loud breaks the thunder! startling the crash!
Looms far and a-near the red lightning's flash!
Now rumbling rolls one continuous roar---
From Heaven's ope floodgates the high waters pour.
Now here and now there, amid the great storm,
The *Tiger* rears and dips her fragile form—
Ah! will she fill a dark and sunless grave!
Or toss triumphant o'er the howling wave!
Mad lightnings wildly shooting far and near,
Cause the unseen aerial spirits e'en to fear.
Well may they fear—for means the flash and roar,
The mightiest elements are at fiercest war!
The angry storms fling huge destructive shafts—
In deepest scorn each warrior hoarsely laughs,
And martial'd far around in densest crowds,
Live thunders swiftly leap from clouds to clouds,
Hurling their deadly massive bolts afar—
Hitting the very vault of distant Heaven!
Which jars each high hanging planet star,
And shakes the earth to its foundation, even!—
The mighty demons of the deep abyss,
Rous'd, wondering, trembling, with awe, gazing, see.
E'en the hosts of Heaven, 'midst peace and bliss,
Beholding! stand amaz'd in Eternity!
* * * * * * * * * *
The chuckling genii that revel'd o'er wave,
A kindred spirit met in the corsair chieftain brave :

Upon the *Tiger's* prow, which well the waters walked,
Gonzails fearless sat and with th' thunder laugh'd and talked.
His wild and stormy soul could such grand scenes enjoy,
His nature thus inured up from a prattling boy.
While others trembled, pale, 'midst such surroundings drear,
He coolly eyed the scene, for Fate had murder'd Fear.
For years in safety through strife, all danger borne,
And fearless, he well might laugh even Death to scorn.
Of real joy in his laugh there was a painful dearth—
Something akin to madness mingled in his mirth—
Disgust of life and every thing of earth apart,
Since now but misery's breakers broke upon his heart.

* * * * * * * * * *

In th' far-off sky vanish the skirts of Night!
The Morn comes forth!—her lamp is glowing bright!
Sweet odors borne upon the passing breeze,
Waft from far shores of fragrant flowers and trees.
Aroused from slumbers sweet, the morning star
Shines softly bright from Heaven's celestial bar.
As though fresh his existence man might keep,
Th' Eternal now seems shadow'd on the Deep!
The day-god brings to view a noble-looking brig,
Which stirs th' outlaw's soul as th' gale the tender twig.
He thinks of the gold that may soon be his own—
By the right of his might, in his victim's death groan.
Aboard the *Tiger*, one, though sins stain'd soul and brow,

Had ne'er shed blood for gold—an outlaw forc'd by vow—
Of robbery he is free, it never him could tempt—
'Though dyed with many crimes, Gonzails of that 's exempt.
A pirate he was named because such his fierce crew—
With th' guilty th' guiltless must oft-times suffer too.
Alas! such is the fact 'though sad 'tis to relate---
But why should man complain when so decreed by Fate?
* * * * * * * * * *
For what do many barter youth, love, honor. health?
For Mammon's treacherous treasures, for thee, base Wealth!
The world's worst evils come from those that do thee cherish:
'Neath thy ruins buried the noblest beings perish.
For thee, men do deny the Great Eternal One,
And for the thirst for wealth the higher pleasures shun.
E'en th' woman God and Nature form'd alone for love,
On earth an angel plac'd to point to Heaven above,
For false, alluring wealth sells her affections dear,
And vainly tries to feel, she 'll purchase without fear,
Those sweet, endearing moments true love only brings,
But outraged Love, wounded, turns, and like an adder stings!
Such think, "My heart 's not his, but will not gold suffice?"
Ah! no! the exchange of love for wealth 's a sad sacrifice!
As on her husband's corse that her soul may not be lost,

The heathen wife is burnt, a living holocaust.

* * * * * * * * * *

A year hath pass'd since last th' *Tiger* fled her island home,
Swiftly the *Doge of Venice* o'er the deep doth roam.
The bark is but ten leagues off India's burning shore.
The stars smile on the deep and 'lume the wide sea o'er.
Alone upon her deck, a man stands 'neath her sails,
One glance reads his person; 'tis the corsair chief, Gonzails!
In an unconscious state, he had, one day before,
Been found, pick'd up, a waif the sea waves bore:
His ship, the *Tiger*, and her fierce, desperate crew,
With foes 'neath sea had sunk, their foes a host, they few;
Gonzails surviv'd when death was the only thing he cherish'd,
His friends and foes having each and all now perish'd.
When the ship went down he was hurl'd from off the deck,
By the falling mast of his vessel's sinking wreck,
Entangled in the sails that parted with the mast,
He floated on, unconscious, o'er the ocean vast.
When neither Fate nor Vengeance forced him with time t' strive,
When th' Vinci Vendetta had been fulfill'd, why live?
He springs far o'er the bow, he strikes upon the wave,
And for a moment floats above his cheerless grave,
Then sinks down in the sea, bubbling not a groan,
Since but one, lost, bless'd in life, 'twas best t' die alone.
Far, on a rock-bound shore, his body floats to mold,

As that dead dreamer's dream, in life had long foretold.
When part of her dream had proven true, why doubt th' rest,
Which told that he here dead by her presence would be bless'd?
Then who' ll not believe that in the soft wind whispering by,
O'er him the beautiful spirit of Inez hover'd nigh?
From that far-distant realm beyond the fields of air,
All her sins forgiven by Him who reigneth there,
Through love, by God's permission, might she not have come t' earth
To show her lover's spirit the way to Heaven's birth?

THE ATLANTIC DOOM.

THE steamship *Atlantic*, of the "White Star Line," of England, Captain Williams commanding, was lost off Halifax, Nova Scotia, April 1, 1873. Out of one thousand souls of both sexes and all ages, but between three and four hundred escaped—and of that number, with few exceptions, all were unmarried men. Not a female survived.

The good, swift ship *Atlantic*, free,
  Rides at her moorings, trim and sound—
Ready for her voyage o'er th' sea,
  With freight of souls, far distant bound.
A bride of peerless grace she seems,
  A sweet young bride whom Heaven does bless
With th' beauty of which th' poet dreams—
  A queen of wondrous loveliness—
A queen whose kingdom is the sea,
  Her scepter floating wide and free.
A thousand hearts prophetic beat
  On board—where Life and Love do meet.
The Future's veil is closely drawn,
Save where Hope points a lovely dawn.
The ship is loos'd—the farewells said—
They part, the living—how soon dead
Will many be, that, parting, hear
Their last love breathed in willing ear!
Now numbers to high Heaven do pray,
  While down the Mersey's limpid stream
They 're floating on their joyful way,
  The emblem of a blissful dream.
The noble ship speeds on—away—

On mighty ocean, broad and deep—
Rolls in her wake the foaming spray,
Where oft the angry storms do sweep.
They think—converse—all of one mind—
Of land they' ve left—towards which they fly—
Some fondly of that left behind,
Th' hot tear shed, and heave th' suppressless sigh.
The gentle, rolling, restless waves,
Speak not of danger nor of graves,
But dancing on their pathway o'er th' sea,
They list to voices mingling merrily.
No cloud frets the sapphire sky—
But all is bright—beneath—on high—
While swiftly wings their rapid flight—
When wave and heaven blend on the sight—
And floating o'er the ocean swell
Go joyous murmurings—all is well.
Hope walks the wave—Despair, unseen,
Is sleeping down below; where green
The dank weed grows—where Ruin moves—
Preying on corses of lost loves.
Like some mighty phantom of the Past,
Wandering through space sublime and vast,
The ship glides on her lonely way,
And round the living breezes stray.
Cloud-fleets appear far in the sky,
And through the upper deep float by,
As dying Day sinks on his bier,
And Twilight sheds th' sympathetic tear.
From out the deep— as the murderer can,
One steals on board—unseen by man:
'Tis he—grim Death—dark, fierce, and bold—
He comes for victims, young and old,

But, ah! too soon to triumph here.
Hark! that voice! "Hold! away, ingrate!"
He heeds—slinks off in darkness drear—
Death well obeys—'tis th' voice of Fate!
Descending, Night, with visage dark,
Drops here black mantle o'er the bark,
And o'er Time's pathway journeys on—
Many to Dream's charm'd realm have gone.
Astray from th' port* where Hope abides—
Through gloom where danger rides the blast,
The bark toward Eternity glides--
That mighty Deep she' s nearing fast.
Upon the hazardous shore afar,
There glows a false, weird beacon light—
It seems some bright 'though fallen star,
Torn from the curtain'd dome of night;
Its phosphoresce glare unveils the gloom,
Each shadow seems a sad, silent ghost.
Death holds the light that 'lures to doom—
Holds it high on Prospect's headland coast.
O! fearful woe! what means that crash,
Which wakes grim terror like a flash?
The ship hath struck the pitiless rock—
Beats vainly—quivering with the shock.
From their berths hurl'd now slumberers wake—
Rush to the deck with faces pale.
Some wounded lie—no sound can break
Th' sleep of others—all—all must fail!
Out from the ship—up to the skies—
Wild cries and frantic shrieks arise,
And 'though a storm rolls thunders out,
Far louder frenzied voices shout.

*The harbor of Halifax, which all on board thought they were nearing.

Heaven's golden gates wide open swing;
Through them the guardians of the soul
Swiftly, on peerless pure white wing,
From Aidenn start, as th' bells of Heaven toll!
They come! they come! those spirits of light,
From their sweet homes in Paradise!
Tears over their soft cheeks flow bright,
And issue from their angel eyes!
Where, where 's the captain this dread hour?
He comes! but strong drink dims his eye—
He' ll save! vain hope—no human power
The doom'd can shield—alas! they die!—
Close on the brink of Eternity,
Weak man braves Heaven continually.
The signal gun peals forth distress,
And faster grows the startling boom!
Far caverns mock man's helplessness—
Re-echoing but the coming doom.
There on the deck, where fears are rife,
Clasping her babe, a mother shrieks out:
"O! God! I ask not for *my* life—
Save my child from th' grave that yawns about!"
Each moment to the sea, a wave
Sweeps from the tossing ship more lives—
And here and there, e'en o'er his grave,
Still nobly some strong swimmer strives.
Both Fear and Death stalk round, as o'er
The ship rush mortals to and fro—
Prayers, oaths, and shrieks, with ocean roar,
Commingle, clash, more frantic grow!
From infancy to hoary age,
Scores, frenzied, war with Death do wage!
Child, parent, lover, husband, wife,

Friend, brother, sister, in the strife.
Despairing, raving, many weep,
And others plunge into the Deep.
With perfect face and faultless form,
With raven locks toss'd by the storm,
With lovely dark eyes wildly gleaming,
So brilliant in their distant dreaming,
In splendor they excel by far
Th' jewels that on her person are—
  In her sad beauty, sweet and pale—
Seeming Heaven's pure angel on the blast,
  Lost, wandering through this dreary vale,
A woman* tied to the icy mast—
  High 'mid the rigging firmly lash'd—
Doth seem unto her God to pray!
  Unfeeling Death on by her dash'd,
Scaring her timid sprite away!
  Many 'neath wave and on deck th' dead—
Some shrieking died, some died without a groan,
  But like, each liberated spirit fled,
On phantom wings into th' dread Unknown.
  None can escape th' decree of Fate—
The lowly fall, the great as well,
  Alike they yield—some soon—some late—
All must, when sounds his fearful knell.†
Though number many more the dead,
Yet on the ship the living tread,
  And nobly battling for those lives,
She still rebels against her fate:

* This beautiful woman, found frozen to death on the mast, where she had been tied, high in the rigging, by some kind friend, to prevent her being washed overboard, was the subject of much comment by the many periodicals which chronicled the fearful calamity upon which this poem is founded.

† The knell of Fate at the Day of Judgment.

Alas! for them, in vain she strives,
And each false hope is desolate!
From highest rigging to the deck
O'er destruction fiercely reigns Despair—
Wild Ruin looks o'er Hope's sad wreck—
Strides Horror round and shakes her snaky hair!
O! for one moment now to save!—
Till the brave* may land them on the shore—
That moment's not; beneath the wave—
Down! down she sinks forevermore,
While through the air, where madness jars,
There goes a wild and frenzied yell:
It rises to the living, breathing stars—
Goes up to Heaven—goes down to Hell!
That cry to 'rouse the corse suffic'd—
Wake life in its cold flesh and bone:
It pierc'd the bleeding heart of Christ!
And startled Pluto on his throne!
Down with the ship sank heroes brave—
Ne'er nobler souls roam'd land nor sea;
They willingly† sank 'neath the wave,
Though told by dearest lips to flee.

* * * * * * * * * *

O thou! pale Niobe of th' Deep!
Now grieving o'er the ruthless waves,
In thy wild beauty—well mayst weep,
Thy children dead—in deep sea-graves.

---

*C. L. BRADY, the third officer of the *Atlantic*, and the Rev. MR. ANCIENT, an humble clergyman, who, in utter disregard of their own lives, did all in their power to relieve the suffering and distressed.

†Many of the married men that perished, had they abandoned their wives and families could have swum to shore and thus saved themselves, as most of the unmarried men did; but, although in many instances urged by their wives to leave, they nobly remained and heroically died—true martyrs at the shrine of love.

And yet 'tis well! for they all are
  Now free from every want and care,
And rest as peaceful as the star
  In Heaven's pure, holy bosom there.
Then sleep, ye dead!—eternal sleep—
  Sleep on in your unfathom'd graves:
O'er you immortal sea-nymphs weep,
  O'er you the lovely sea-flower waves!

* * * * * * * * * *

The dead are not the sufferers only,
  The evil stays since friends were parted,
For sad of soul, in sorrow lonely,
  The living are left broken-hearted,
Until they meet on Heaven's bright shore
  Those loved ones who have gone before!

THE HAUNTED LAKE.

Ere Heavenly Phœbus wakes the morn
With amber rays in beauty born,
While yet the zephyrs bear along
The sweetest notes of night-bird's song,
While Cynthia rides in glowing car
Past fleecy cloud and lovely star,
Fair Mabel rising from her bed,
Flushed with sweet dreams scarcely fled,
Lightly trips through marble halls—
Whilst th' nightingale his love-mate calls,
Out where the starlight gently falls.
Her auburn tresses long are streaming—

Her sweet eyes tell her spirit's dreaming.
The connoisseur her form approves;
With the carriage of a Grace she moves;
The highest intellect all trace,
In her pure, sweet, and beauteous face—
Her charms do rival love's own queen,
Her beauty doth Psyche's, I ween.
Noble as th' looks of this sweet lass
Their peerlessness does not surpass
The love and sympathy she bears
All those that suffer woes and cares:
Ever desiring to aid the distressed,
Her outward beauty is her soul expressed.
O'er th' lawn she glides, a sprite of bliss,
Blushing, feeling the zephyr's kiss—
Her ruby lips are wreathed in smiles,
Pure—innocent—all void of guiles.
Through eglantine and asphodel,
Where soft th' fountain water fell;
Her friend, the Breeze, a gallant true,
The shrubbery parts as she moves through.
Her eyes as blue as heaven above,
Mirror her heart in beams of love—
She pauses at th' lake, whose bosom still
Reflects star, moon, and mighty hill—
Romantic mirror marked with trace
Of Nature's god and Nature's face.
Why leaves the Beauty her soft pillow!
Why seek th' lakelet's mimic billow
Ere Day has come on wings of light!
While Silence walks the paths of night!—
Why at such hour alone to rove,
When Morn still dreams in her bower above!

Onward impell'd by Love's sweet power,
Mabel seeks th' thought of this dear hour.
Her vow 's to keep, oh, sacred duty!
This lovely girl, with wealth and beauty—
Next morn the peerless bride to be
Of one she worships to idolatry—
Wishes to feel the mystic powers
Which Nature wields in these soft hours—
The hours that give, while fair Faith reigns,
Fond Fancy's sweet Æolian strains—
The hours of night Death's brother, Sleep,
Doth best his faith with Nature keep—
When th' silent slumberer's spirit roams,
To study Nature's ancient tomes,
Or whisper fondly in the ear
Of some far-distant one that 's dear--
When e'en the forest round the lake
Seems to a living presence take,
And in its whisperings seems to tell
That round our very being dwell,
Spirits of the dear departed true.
Near by—in the breeze that sips the dew—
Angels of light from homes above,
Whose presence tells their yearning love.
The lake, which oft in childhood's hours,
Saw Mabel cull its shores' wild flowers,
Beholds her now 'neath th' starry sheen,
In her fond prime, sweet beauty's queen—
Out from the past she blooms this hour
The bud developed to the lovely flower.
A sigh of love, heav'd, deep and dear,
Oft sweetly melts into a tear,
Which brightly glows through flowing tress—

Tresses that do the lips caress:
Conflicting feelings in her breast
Disturb her thus, though she is bless'd—
Hush!—soft!—a sound breaks on her ear!—
Hath an angel like her aught to fear?
A knight and steed come into view
Just where the flowers their petals strew.
Is it! oh! can it be of all
Him whose presence e'er doth call·
Joy up, and wakes, her looks confess,
Her world to one of happiness!—
Where dearest wish is gratified
And Hope is ever by her side!
'Tis he! and ne'er 'mid weal or woe
Did braver knight than Don Raldo,
For Beauty's claims combat the foe.
He too awakens in the night,
Nor waits the tarrying day-god's light,
But mounts his steed and rides away
'Neath th' pale stars and Dian's ray,
And 'though he hath no place in mind
To journey to, he rides to find
Relief from feelings, restless, ill,
While bright, the 'luring vale and hill
Are lit by moon and stars, as dawn—
His heart leads him, unconscious, on
Where doth abide without a peer,
The reigning belle both far and near—
She, who, when a few short hours have died,
Will be his young, loved, and beauteous bride.
They meet—these two who love so well—
Life breathes of Heaven and not of Hell;
And they, apace, within a boat

On th' lake's broad bosom sweetly float;
Happiness dwells in their warm souls,
And Joy her pleasures now unfolds.
But see! dark clouds are threatening war,
And dimly glows each red-lit star
From Heaven's dark vault; the thunder growls,
Fierce coming on the tempest howls.
At last! to th' happy two comes care—
Their danger's known too late: Despair
Hovers o'er th' boat from stern to prow.
Where! where is she, sweet Mercy, now?
The boat is o'erturned by a wave—
Now lightning licks its watery grave:—
Beautiful Mabel and Don Raldo
Float o'er the waves—the storm doth grow—
They struggle well—O! Christ, them save!
They vanish now beneath a wave!
* * * * * * * * * *
Ere from the skies the stars have flown—
While sea-nymphs rove beneath the moon,
And wood-fays in the leafy boughs,
In secret plight their sweetest vows,
And Halcyone broods o'er the wave
And Echo whispers from the cave—
Before Day doth on Darkness break,
Two phantom lovers sail the lake.

THE STAR OF THE EAST.

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

ARGUMENT.

The incidents portrayed in this poem are founded on well-authenticated events in the history of Circassia. Centuries ago the two wealthiest and most powerful princes of Circassia lived near the Black Sea. The elder one, Prince Agra, was a widower, having but one living child, his beautiful daughter Zalumma, who was dearer to her father than all other possessions. The other, Prince Bravello, was young and handsome, living quite alone, if we except his retinue of servants, he being the only remaining one living of his family. Notwithstanding that these two princes were the greatest by far of all the petty rulers, and that their principalities joined, yet they lived in harmony and peace. Why should they not, when Prince Bravello was the affianced husband of the beautiful Zalumma, the Star of the East? Her beauty was acknowledged far and near. This rare and remarkable attraction, however, was the cause of great trouble to its innocent possessor. Circassia, as the reader is aware, has long been subjected to invasions from the warlike Russians and licentious Turks. The then ruling sultan of Turkey was Kafar, and was to Circassia its greatest curse, owing to the many raids he made in various sections of that country for spoils and new inmates for his harems. Having heard of the great beauty of the renowned Zalumma, he determined to possess her at all hazards. In this undertaking a fierce battle ensued between the forces of the Turkish monarch and those of Prince Agra, in which the former were triumphant, the Prince slain and his daughter stolen.

Prince Bravello, being fond of the chase, passed a considerable portion of his time in this manner. At the time of the descent of the Saracen horde on the Agra castle, the young Prince was absent on one of these hunting excursions. Evil forebodings of some unseen danger lurking near his friends, induced him to leave the chase for the home of those dear to him. He arrived only in time to see the result of the horrible deeds

committed in his absence by the bold marauders. He soon discovered who the principal participant in this dastardly outrage was, and on him, made a vow to avenge the wrongs of his friends. The poem reveals how that vow was kept.

PART FIRST.

As young lovers in their new-born bliss,
Lo! Day and Night each other fondly kiss!—
Fair Diana blushes roseate in the east!
Now sings the nightingale! th' robin's song has ceas'd.
In their high homes the stars their vigils keep,
And far below are mirror'd in the deep.
Hark! from yon castle, looming o'er the trees,
The lute's sweet tones are borne upon the breeze!
Here he dwells who ruthless rules the Turks—
The Sultan king, and evil are his works!
In dread, as all should dread degrading sin,
His subjects each his favor work to win.

"My harems fail to interest,
Their inmates to me are old;
My harems soon I will divest—
These women must and shall be sold!
Circassia I will soon invade—
I'll sweep her soil by land and sea,
And make this swift and bold crusade
One of sweet satisfaction be!
The creatures in my harems now,
Have both served their time and me—
I'll cast them out for those, I trow,
Lovelier and more beautiful to see!"

Thus spoke the monarch of the Turks, and swore
By the great Mohammed, the prophet of his lore,
That thus it soon should be; and then apace,
A fiendish smile broke o'er his savage face.

He strode through rooms and halls of gorgeous make;
'Midst many luxuries lived this kingly rake—
With finest carpets from rich Persian looms
Were velvet-lined ottomans in satin-lin'd rooms.
Here sparkled jewels of ray pure, serene,
To th' world unknown, to th' world unseen:
Pearls, diamonds, amethysts, rubies and gold,
Other things precious; great wealth there untold.

PART SECOND.

Hard by the Black Sea's weird and sombre waters
Lives one of Earth's fairest, loveliest daughters,
With her sire—a prince—and to his soul as dear
As Heaven's forgiving voice unto the Peri's ear
Is his belov'd child—who a Hebe looks—
As fair as Venus—as nymph of ocean nooks,
So peerlessly perfect that even she seems
The belle of the angels haunting our dreams!—
Caring for the needy all over the world,
Her physical beauty her spirit impearl'd!
And she so lovely, beautiful and good,
Lov'd her fond sire from child to womanhood.
The theme of her beauty had so far increas'd,
That she was called by all "The Star of the East."
This lovely, beautiful, and peerless girl,
With conscience as pure as an unshelled pearl—
With health and with everything wealth can buy—
Yet mourn'd for what the world could not supply:
A mother—dead—a saint in heaven above.
Ah! what equals th' fond mother's tender love?
They dwelt near the lovely village of Kale—
They liv'd alone in a sweet winning vale,
Where wild flowers grew, and beautiful trees,

Where wafted breezes from three rolling seas.*
Zalumna's tender and glorious dark eye,
Hinted the secret reveal'd by the sigh,
That heav'd the pure bosom of Agra's sweet daughter:
One other she lov'd—ah! Cupid! thou taught her!
* * * * * * * * * *
She lov'd to rove the forest wild—
The loveliest flower nature smil'd—
There seek and find in lonely dells,
Lilies, roses and pimpernels,
Until with weariness begot;
Then pause on some enchanting spot—
In some sweet grove of chaparral—
To sit and weave a coronal,
To carry to her secret bower,
Where oft she whiled away the hour.
When rested, ramble home, returning,
From nature's tome e'en then lore learning—
List'ning to wild bird's silvery song,
Now, soaring, as she moves along;
While flits the bat her winding course,
And sounds the owl's voice, deep and hoarse,
From th' silent, dense, and gloomy woods—
A solemn world in its solitudes.
Out from the wolds, she roves the plain
Spreading onward to the main,
And breathes the aromatic breath
Of the sweet summer breathing heath.
And oft, in silence, now, doth brood,
Whilst straying where e'er leads her mood,
Of her brave lover, Prince Bravello.
Who, by sunlight, moon's pale yellow,

*The Mediterranean, Black, and Caspian Seas.

Far over rugged mountain goes—
Through vales of lily and vales of rose,
And many other fragrant flowers,
All heedless of the passing hours:
In pursuit of buck and doe,
Flying from their dreaded foe.
From covert starting timid hare,
And savage beast from thicket lair.
Zalumma thought with childlike glee,
A thought endeared to memory,
Of a near new and blushing morn!
When life to her would change, be born—
Which Heaven's divinest laws allow—
The new-born life by marriage vow!
A sphere of life both sweet and true,
And pure, thought she, as mountain dew—
As crystal liquid of the fount,
Which doth on high, in beauty, mount
To Heaven's dreamy sapphire scope—
Bright her vision, bright her future hope.

Part Third.

The day-orb, sinking in the west.
Seems like a golden realm of rest,
Till Light takes wings and flies away;
When Darkness comes on earth to prey,
Save where the bright-eyed sprites, on high,
Reveal close objects to the eye.
Scarce one lone hour, down in the west,
Had red-robed Sol gone to his rest,
When sounds of cant'ring, prancing steeds,
Afar but clear, o'er wolds and meads,
Awake the stillness of the hour.

The steeds draw nearer, onward scour,
Until they halt beside the tower,
When men's fierce voices on the air,
Reach ears of Agra's daughter fair,
While resting 'neath the arbor's vines,
Where each long shoot in labyrinth winds.
She hears the sounds first in a dream
And fancies some wild panther's scream.
Awak'ning to a conscious state,
She sees dark forms come through the gate;
The sight of troopers' glittering spears
Awakens all her sleeping fears.
To her sire of the fact apprise
She swiftly to the castle hies,
But vain her mission at the most;
Through doors and elsewhere through, a host
Intrude, and in their bearings show
They are a bold and savage foe.
Prince Agra, hearing foes draw nigh,
Well knew some bold and treacherous spy
Had foil'd the warders at their posts,
And oped the gates to foreign hosts.
"Arm! arm!" he cries; "our foes are near!
Rouse ye! my warriors!" They appear,
Arm'd with javelin, sword, ax, and spear.
"Charge! charge! or, gods, 't will be too late!
Fight! fight! and yield to naught but fate!"
The battle fiercely now began—
Each foeman fought—each man to man.
Steel shone in light of chandelier,
And dim the forms that battled here—
Still dimmer those in outer dark,
Where targets foemen faintly mark.

Then what th' Circassians' woe or weal,
As loud there dwelt one constant peal
Of cries of mercy—oaths madly scream'd,
And frantic yells—one sound it seem'd,
The sounds that rent the air within—
A fierce, uninterrupted din—
Commingled with the sounds without,
Where roar'd War's messengers about.
Like howling storm when raging best,
Like cries of spirits seeking rest,
Through darkness shrieking, lost! lost! lost!
Which floats at midnight o'er th' cold hoar frost,
And like, ere dawns the morning gray,
Wild hosts of midnight fiends at bay,
Arose and echoed one loud roar
From turret to foundation floor;
A sound that seemed to reach the sky,
And mingle with the clouds on high,
That rushed o'er sea, o'er wild moorland,
Whilst ebb'd with blood life's shifting sand.
As foemen fell 'midst blood and dust,
From nerveless hands fell swords to rust.
While Moslem and Circassian bled,
Peacefully slept the fallen dead,
Unconscious of the angry strife
That robbed each warrior of his life.
Yet 'mid the corses of the slain
The living fought the field to gain.

* * * * * * * * * *

The battle now began to wane,
As thunder after storm and rain—
The clansmen dead on every side,
Their blood in streams one ebbing tide.

The Prince's army, one-tenth size
Of foes they fought, became their prize.
The Prince was pinioned in a chair,
And then they sought his daughter fair:
Beneath the turret's roof they found her,
Hoping to 'scape from her pursuer.
She had gone at her sire's request,
And hid herself at his behest.
In fright she saw their cause forsaken,
When next by Saracens she 's taken
Before their savage, barb'rous chief,
Who well has won the name of thief.
The sight of one with charms so rare,
Soon caused the Turks to rudely stare.
Their monarch stopp'd it with a glance,
And toward Zalumna did advance.
Thus saying: "Thou! Circassian maid,
Alone art worth my Northern raid,
And I will vouch, no doubts retain,
Thou art the gem of this domain."
Insulting words, so thought the sire,
And wildly woke his slumb'ring ire.
Without a token's faint alarm,
He deftly loos'd each fettered arm,
And sword unscabbar'd—with a spring
Swift as the bolts the mad gods fling,
To avenge in blood the insult made,
Through th' monarch's side plunged his bright blade.
This madden'd thrust, to shield his child,
By foes undreamt--was rash, was wild,
For ere he had breath'd another breath,
In silence he lay—that silence, death!
Thus fell proud Agra's prince to Moslem hate,

And wither'd—all must—to the blast of Fate!
With anguish cry, which spoke her wild despair,
Zalumma fainted, and her raven hair,
In flowing tresses droop'd o'er her ashen brow—
Unconscious, she knows no misery now:
As though in fear of hidden danger nigh,
With captive maids and captive warriors by,
And wounded king, the fierce and brutal Turk,
Swift from the scene, where ghosts of dead men lurk,
Departed through the dark and gloomy wold,
While yet Night, in her dress of glitt'ring gold,
Walk'd forth in all her pensive loveliness,
Grieving for man's sins, his misery and distress.

Part Fourth.

Where zephyrs stray, where breezes sleep,
Where fountains play, where cascades leap,
Bravello follow'd the chase afar,
With nothing, it seem'd, his life to mar.
A life of dreams and visions dear,
Pass'd with a being of beauty near;
Whose heart o'erflow'd for him with love,
A heart as pure as saints above.
When wandering he paus'd from tire,
Or, discover'd beauty, to admire,
The lone, wild spots beneath his views—
Romantic scenes invoked the muse.
His verse did oft relate, in story,
Of haunted ruins, wild and hoary,
Combin'd with Cupid's beauteous bowers,
O'ergrown with fair and fragrant flowers.
He wrote—the famous nine inspired—
Who read by ardent love was fired,

Translated to a realm of bliss,
Undimm'd by shades that darkle this.
One moon he pass'd where roamed the deer—
Until arose a growing fear,
Which grew until it woke to steal
All thoughts save those that sorrow feel.
Why did he feel this sudden fear,
He asked himself, in accents drear:
Could aught! had aught of harm befell,
She whom he fondly loved so well?
She, whom he loved with such devotion
That e'en all wealth of land and ocean
Could not purchase one single hair
That round her sweet self floated there.
Bravello! image of Apollo,
Did swiftly flight of Cupid follow—
And onward hasten'd, till he rode
Beside his loved one's dear abode.
He not as form'ly saw one to retard,
Some one to challenge—a bold, sentient guard.
Now swiftly he ran through the gate's widened wall,
Where that met his vision which heart did appall.
The simoom of death had swept dark o'er the land.
The proof of its visit everywhere lay at hand.—
The ground was strewn o'er with men still and stark,
And ghastly each face! no life-living spark.
Here lay a rider and there lay a steed,
In silence, in blood, 'neath tall waving reed;
Circassian and Turk, who once warr'd in life's pride,
Now, peacefully lay, in death, side by side.
Th' prince woke from th' trance the sight threw him in;
He sought for his love, he sought for her kin.
No sweet reward met his eyes' longing strain—

Those whom he sought for—he sought for in vain!
Not on th' domain was the breath of a sound,
Wolves in the distance broke the stillness profound!
Lo! dead Turks on the ground and down in th' moat!
His woe had been wrought by the sultan cut-throat!
Behold! while starts the cold sweat from each pore,
On his back Prince Agra welter'd in gore;
Silent in death, with a gash deep and wide,
Lay the father of her he loved as his bride.
O'er his dead friend he loudly and silently wept,
Ere he entomb'd him where his ancestors slept.
The mystery is clear'd! no deception lurks now:
From quiv'ring, pale lips, through his teeth a fierce vow
He hiss'd, like the snake that hisses at bay;
It wafted on breeze, o'er dead, and away
Did float 'neath the veil of vine arcades,
And grew in the gloom of the silent shades,
Which waken'd the souls of the living trees,
That far around sigh'd their sympathies.
Vengeance looks from his eyes: ah! new th' light now,
The clammy cold sweat on his pale damp brow,
Remain'd and settled where first it oozed forth.
He wildly now gaz'd, south, east, west and north:
But little he linger'd—no time was there lost—
He boldly next plung'd, through th' night, and th' frost.

Part Fifth.

The night was departing, and coming the morn,
When loudly a blast, from the shrill bugle horn,
Did many awaken afar and near,
Creating a panic of frenzy and fear,
In the bosom of all; who looked for the sword
Of the minions of Turkey's tyrannical lord.

'Twas Prince Bravello who, 'midst silence, profound,
Had waken'd the slumberers by the bugle's sound.
The poor and needy of the village of Kale,
Now, knowing the cause, the sorrows bewail
Of their dear noble friends, whom all loved well,
Whose sad misfortunes had fallen so fell.
Widows and orphans, all over the land,
Owed many a comfort to Zalumma's fair hand,
And many owed safety from th' roving brigand,
To her brave father and his trusty band.
As soon as his countrymen knew the desire
That raged in the breast of Bravello like fire,
To wreak swift vengeance upon the foul foe,
They eagerly cried: "We are ready to go
To th' ends of the earth! south, north, east and west!
And will willingly start when thou dost request!"
* * * * * * * * *
Sol, suddenly 'rous'd, peer'd from th' east and spied
Ten thousand horsemen, that swiftly did ride
Toward land of the Turks—a nation of foes,
That had created the deepest of woes.
Ah! dark were the brows and fierce were the eyes,
Of each o' that band—"Revenge! revenge!" their cries.
O'er many wild moors—through dark shaded wood—
O'er streams—past ruins, which for ages had stood
Deserted by man; 'though owls held these posts,
With goblins and ghouls and uneasy ghosts.
By light of the sun from the first peep of day,
At night by the stars and moon's misty ray,
Swiftly onward toward their foul foes afar
Each avenger dash'd on—each bold hussar.
* * * * * * * * * *
The king of the Turks sits at home—day wanes—

The wound in his side unpleasantly pains.
In soft mellow lights, that 'lume like the dawn,
His eyes one hundred fair captives feast on—
Georgia's brunettes and Circassia's blondes,
And almond-eyed houris from orient dawns.
Here, Kafar, th' sultan, luxuriously dwelt,
And he chuckeld at times "Ha! ha!" till he felt
The pain in his side more sharp than before:
Then he scowl'd and curs'd, and fiercely swore
He was naught but a fool to leave his home
And risk his life. Quoth he: "What good to roam,
When I have all that greatest wealth can buy?"—
He suddenly stopp'd speaking—his angry eye
Beheld the beauty of the "Star of the East,"
"She 's worth more than she cost just my eyes t' feast,"
He thought.—But hark! what 's that—that rumbling sound,
That seems like a storm in the night-air around?
And why those cries so savage the while,
Now bursting forth from mountain defile?
And why do guards give back from their posts,
Shrieking: "Allah! they're here, our foes, in hosts!"
But hark! hark! 'tis the clashing of steel,
Thundering on, one roaring, loud peal!
The sultan now look'd into th' stygian air,
Met two dark eye-balls—a slave's frenzied stare.
The doors of the harem trembled and creaked;
'Twas air in the halls, that swiftly in leaked
From outer dark air, where war-storm dinn'd:
With crash fell a door!—into th' house, a cold wind
Moan'd low and whistled with a mournful sound.
The fair are bewildered, the king darkly frown'd
And wildly cried to his minions without:

"What ho! there, slaves—what 's all this about?
This clash and din of tumult, broil and strife!
Some drunken revelry I 'll wager my life!"
A score or more slaves appear'd on the spot—
Their features were wild, perspiring and hot.
They look'd at their king, with a cowering stare,
Who thus yell'd in their ears, with an angry glare:
"Why stand here speechless like death o'er his spoil?
What means your leader that he stops not this broil
Of drunken harlots and wine-bibbing slaves,
Of thieving scoundrels and dishonest knaves?
They all shall swing on the scaffold at morn,
For disturbing my peace by this racket, I 've sworn!"
"My noble king the foe invades!—
'Tis deep in blood each warrior wades!"
One loudly shriek'd in th' ears of his king,
Like shriek of fiend or phantom on wing,
When lost at night, some wanderer roams,
Through sombre wolds, where the cataract foams
And roars from th' mountain, when rolls the storm,
When lightning's flash shows a spectre-form,
Walking pensive alone in th' solitudes,
Seen ghastly 'midst trees of th' dreary woods!
The sultan frown'd and he gnash'd his teeth—
He look'd an ogre 'rous'd from orgies beneath.
"Great Allah!" he cried, "this tale seems uncouth—
Ho! to th' ramparts!—I 'll soon know the truth!"

Part Sixth.

"Halt!" and they halted in the land of their foes,
In th' land of th' hated, who wrought all their woes,
In sight of the palace o'ershadowed with trees,
Where the sultan reposed in the soft lap of ease.

When night veiled in shadows the land and the waves,
Into squadrons Bravello divided his braves,
And posted them round the high castle walls,
Ready to charge, when their brave leader calls—
To fight in the cause of Circassia's dark woes,
The ruin brought on her by villainous foes—
Deeds dire and damning, which made many tears,
Th' theft of maidens—death of kindred and seers.
Hark! "Charge on the ramparts!" falls fiercely yet low:
They charge! through the gates the battering rams go.
The Turks try to repel—then flinch and fall back—
Then like Bengal tigers, leap to the attack,
To fight and to falter before the onslaught
Of foes who for their beloved ones fought.
The battle is fierce, for many do war;
Bold warriors fall in death by the score.
A warrior, in wrath, at an enemy lunges,
Then backwards, in death, immediately plunges:
His foeman, unnerved, parried the thrust,
Hurled weapon afar, his foe to the dust.
In front of the battle, throughout the whole strife,
The blade of Bravello did oft-times drink life.
His warriors fought bravely and well their ground stood—
Their foes fell around them like leaves of the wood,
While th' eyes of th' death-god glow'd ominous light,
And th' ebon war-eagle scream'd dread through the night!
Feeling they fought for a cause that was just,
And in the god of battle placing their trust,
The invaders conquer'd in the short-waged war,
'Though their foes outnumbered by many a score—

O'er the red field of Mars triumphant did bear,
Ere fair Morn loosen'd her golden hair.
* * * * * * * * * *
No longer the sounds of battle do roll—
From stark, stiffen'd corses, each storm-toss'd soul
Hath wing'd its flight 'mid battle's loud roar
To th' land of shadows—the echoless shore.
In the zenith above are myriads of stars,
And sadly they glow o'er the red field of Mars:
The war-horse lies dead, and dead the dragoon,
And infantry warriors by th' score and platoon—
All ghastly and grim 'neath the soft mellow moon.
Each spirit afar from the dread, dread sight,
On wings ethereal fled its wayward flight,
Leaving naught to tell the secret hope or fear,
While impetuous borne on to another sphere.
But when each and all shall be called unto their doom—
When sounds the dread and awful trumpet through the gloom!
These, with the many, whose sins are now concealed,
Will have each and every hidden thought reveal'd,
By him, the great recording angel scribe of Light!
Who knows each secret deed of both the day and night.
With those that fell Turkey's monarch was slain—
And 't was Prince Bravello's good sword bore th' stain:
The vow was fulfill'd, which th' dead heard him tell—
Prince Agra avenged fully and well.
Out of the harems Bravello released,
Many beauties; the fairest, th' "Star of th' East."
When the bugle-call told each warrior to mount
Soon lost on ears was the musical fount
Of the sultan, where he had oft gone to muse,

And smoke his pipe to vanish the blues;
To gaze, 'neath his turban, from eyes of jet,
At the tall mosque's towering minaret—
At beautiful houris, that gracefully move,
Through th' mazy minuet, a dance they love.
When dulcet tones of sweet guitar,
Fair captives play'd, oft wafted afar.
The prince lead his clan, Zalumma's presence endears,
The laugh of their friends rippled sweet to their ears.
And now, in Circassia, no more will they roam,
Nor warrior nor maid—all are happy at home.
Prince Bravello wedded the "Star of the East:"
Their lives ever after were a long love feast.
MARCH, 1871.

UNITED, 'THOUGH DEATH PARTED.

Day fled the scene, and Night, serene,
In th' white, weird moonshine roams—
The stars shone bright, like fire by night
On mountains' lofty domes.
A sea roll'd deep, a cliff rose steep—
Two mortals were near, on shore:
A girl sat there, she, very fair,
And her lover who did adore.
Upon the brink, where sea-birds drink
Sweet odors from fragrant wind,
A flower grew, sweet, fresh and new,
Like reasons Childhood's mind.
"Oh! see, dear heart! how zephyrs start

The lovely flower that yonder grows!"
Thus, when the maid, admiring, said,
She long'd to possess the tempting rose,
And from her seat, on airy feet,
Hasten'd toward the tempting plant,
Ere her friend knew what she 'd in view—
For what her fond heart did pant.
He sprang upright, and tongue, from fright,
Refus'd at first to unlock his mind:
Must she thus die, before his eye,
For whom his heart divine love enshrin'd!
He cried: "Forbear!" 'Twas lost on air,
And shadows that seaward fall.
Naught now can save, not e'en the brave—
The cry is an empty call:
The cliff, unwarning gives away!—
In her hand the flower forms a fairy bower,
A moment forms—then vanishes in spray.
In wild suspense, and fear-dumb'd sense,
Entranced, her lover this tableau sees,
But when the cliff broke, horror awoke
Him.—Now he feels his heart's blood freeze.
He runs, he flies, where th' beach low lies,
He loosens from moorings there,
A strong light boat, which bright waves float,
Now wildly on sea doth stare.
He sees her dark locks 'neath th' white rocks,
Hastening, he draws her into th' boat—
Alas! too late! destin'd had Fate
The spirit should leave the fleshy coat.
'Though her body died and death satisfied,
Her lovely spirit is living still,
And stands on th' wave where her body gave,

To Death, its beautiful bloom to kill.
She looks pale, sweet, and her phantom feet
Are unwet by the watery spray—
She looks as white as Heaven-born sprite—
As the robes in which angels pray.
When, in surprise, Ionill spies
It seem'd unharm'd, his own Irene,
First doubting his mind, he soon doth find
The truth; his heart to joy dies within.
His tried heart broke at one fell stroke—
Blighted as the corse of his love.
Like soft-toned lute, a sweet salute,
Floating along like seraphs move,
Irene's spirit said—a voice from th' dead—
Softly, to heart-broken Ionill:
"List to my voice, while I tell thee my choice:
Wilt thou heed?" In agony, he said: "I will!"
"Then please, dear love, my body move
Close to where my parents rest, I pray!
'Neath willows growing, where waters are flowing
A stream, far on to the bay.
Yield not thy breath—at bay keep death—
Haste not from earth through love for me.
Do not despair, 'though gone, 'tis there,
To Heaven—anon I 'll come for thee.
Be not broken-hearted, we 'll meet, 'though parted!"
Then smiling farewell to him she leaves,
She upward doth move like a dream of love.
But lo! she wavers—she knows he grieves.
Now not as before on her way doth she soar,
To regions of radiant beauty and bliss—
Heaving a sigh, a tear from her eye
Falls from the aerial world down to this.

Then back to him she came, as ever the same,
And plac'd on his lips a true, brave kiss,
That was spiritual warm—what a blissful charm!
Turn'd back, on her way to Heaven, for this!—
To kiss him solely.—Where 's aught more holy!
Then she griev'd o'er her lover, knowing his woe,
And dropp'd a tear o'er her own bier,
While pity from her astral eyes did glow.
Now on him beam'd a smile, that seem'd
Sweet as angels smile on a child of sin,
When from a wayward course, in deep remorse,
It repents, lamenting what might have been.
She faded from sight in the pale moonlight,
Like the lovely vision of a dream.
In sorrow, Ionill, obey'd his love's will,
'Though his life now a curse did seem.
'Midst hope and despair, with tenderest care,
He buried the dust of his lov'd Irene,
Where silence falls on ghostly palls—
Her parents he plac'd her between.
Months, years have gone—Ionill lives on,
Cherishing th' love of his Irene still.
He travel'd on—on—where different suns dawn—
Where different nights their missions fill—
Till came, unsought, an inspired thought—
A warning while he was off afar,
That he must go home, no longer to roam—
The close of his earth-life waning star.
Never forgot he returned to the spot
Where over all had fallen a blight—
Night held the world chained—the Star Queen reigned
O'er all—o'er th' sad—or the gayest wight:
Like a spirit of love from the realm above

The moonlight slept in peace, alone—
The clouds afar aerial mountains are,
Each star on Night's soft bosom shone.
List! list! hark! hark! that melody mark!
The music that breathes so sweetly, cull;
How ravishing sweet the sounds that greet
The ears! how unearthly beautiful!
"Irene!"—'tis she—"Come! come! to me!"
Cried Ionill—both bless'd the while—
A harp holds she, whose melody
E'en could make pure of heart the vile—
To him she glides and her voice abides
On the air in strains sweet to the ear:
"I've come, love, far, beyond the furthest star,
From Heaven for thee—for thee whom I love dear!
God soon will call! He is good to all
And teaches what we only learn above!
Doth thou feel free to go with me?"
"Why not! what's left to keep me here, my love?
What joy have I beneath the sky?
Have I not suffer'd many a long, long year?"
"True! 'tis best for thee t' leave earth—haste with me,
God soon will call—hark! e'en now His voice I hear!"
And now on the wave where winds talk grave,
A beautiful bark appear'd on the sea—
'Twas snowy white—as fair and bright
As Eve's lone star in immensity.
And of those aboard, each did afford
A golden musical instrument—
Some play'd on lutes and some on flutes,
Some harps.—All in sweetest beauty blent.
They were as fair a group as e'er
God permits to leave Heaven awhile.

Unto friends afloat, the lovers the boat
Border'd; where each wore an angelic smile.
Ionill's mortality fled, became of the dead,
And his life bore a brighter hue.
No longer blighted, forever united,
The lovers sail'd with dear friends and true.
As the bark bore on it seem'd Heaven's dawn,
As when flowers sweetly whisper of love to you—
And each waving a hand that spiritual band,
So beautiful, all suddenly sunk from view.

ADMONISHED.

A PHANTASY.

In the wonderful realm of Thought,
On the shores of a mystical stream,
I, for pure happiness sought—
For the happiness of which we dream.

There, I sought in pensive sadness,
For the lov'd and beautiful dead:
It well-nigh drove me to madness,
When thinking, "Where hath she fled!"

The stream to a tarn in the wold—
To a tarn of grandeur and gloom—
Led me—where the air was cold,
And where roll'd a sound of doom.

"Where! where! is the beautiful dead?"
I shrieked in the ear of Night—
But my voice and its echo fled;
I trembled with feelings of fright.

"Alethea!" I cried, "sweet being of Truth;
Come! come! to my longing eyes—
O! Come! for thou hast feelings of ruth—
Come down from thy home in Paradise!"

Hush! hark! a sound! a low, soft sound,
As though a zephyr breathed close by—
And instantly I turned around,
To meet Alethea's loving eye.

"How heavenly fair thy form and face!—
When of the earth—yes! thou wast mine!—
And still thou art! for I can trace
That love so beautiful—divine."

"Follow me!" she breathes—I do—she moves
Like a dream that floats at eventide,
O'er that sweet bower where dwell the Loves,
Far from the world and its hollow pride.

A sound—as when the air is hush'd
Rises a sudden, sullen blast—
Now rose—as down the river rush'd
A hideous throng of phantoms past.

Alethea cried—her voice a tome:
"Love! see the danger thou wast in!—
'Tis ever thus with those who roam
The pathways of the world of sin!"

"Be good!" she said—a smile she wore—
Then floated upward to that world
Where bloom Love's flowers forevermore,
And Supernal Beauty is impearl'd.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

The god of day had sunk to rest,
  Afar, in his hesperian bed,
And Night walk'd forth in darkness dress'd—
  A mourner for the bright hours dead.

Dark clouds came o'er the deep, profound,
  The wild winds moan'd a solemn lay,
And ghosts that nightly wander round,
  Pass'd sadly on their restless way.

The honest wrecker of Laclare,
  To ocean gazing, o'er the lea,
Shudder'd, while breathing forth a prayer
  For the stranger far out at sea.

Great bolts of thunder loudly crash'd,
  And living lightning ran the sky,
And here and there it angry flash'd,
  Like some fierce demon's vengeful eye.

Time wings his constant flight—now wan,
  The Blast strays homeward o'er the deep—
The weary Clouds move slowly on—
  In his far cave the Storm doth sleep.

Far on the sea, with broken spars,
  Where mad waves beat the lurid sky,
Toss'd a corse beneath the stars,
  Under the wild moon's redden'd eye.

And here, 'tis said, e'er since, at night,
  Rises a fearful, frenzied cry,
When e'en the bravest wake in fright
  And gaze at the distant, shadowy sky,

Where pale and sad, far on the sea,
A ghastly ghost glides slowly by,
Shrieking loud and mournfully
For a boon Heaven seems to deny.

Oh! what unhappy wretch was he,
Who braved all—Ocean, Heaven, and Hell—
When Night had veil'd in shades the sea,
And loos'd the angry storm as well!

Ah! who that one, remains to be
A tale untold by star or wave—
But shrouded in deepest mystery
The secret of the deep sea grave.

REVERIE.

I.

The picturesque, wild and glorious, I love,
Plains, vales, and mountains, in fair Nature's dress.
The universe, around, below, above;
Where each breeze seems some angel's soft caress—
Some spirit friend, whose mission is to bless,
To cheer us: to dwell on themes, of reverie
And speculation, I love; and too, express
The thoughts which fancy wakes; when I dream free,
Be we what we may, beyond we learn life's mystery!

II.

That maiden fair, we see, with many a charm,
May once have been a pearl beneath the sea,
Where she was shielded from the great gulf, Harm,

Which flows through Time o'er to Eternity—
Ah! Love! who hath not been thy votary
In Youth's fond hour! when Pleasure joys on high!
Lives start 'mid beauty, love and melody,
But Disappointment's clouds oft fret their sky—
Where rang th' light and joyous laugh sounds th' sad
and heavy sigh.

III.

Then what 's all beauty but a tempter's bait?
It 'lures us on, it leaves us all alone,
To muse upon the unforeseen of fate—
To feel, where'er we live, in whate'er zone,
We live for what we know not: then atone
For present thoughts, do we; to meditate
Anew: till lost 'midst wilds of gloom, unknown,
We deem our lives are early or too late—
Till Hope drives off Despair, when life seems sweet
and great.

IV.

O! what is life to man? and what is man?
Immortal? or th' mere shadow of an hour?
Is earth all? or has life a broader span—
Beyond time reaching with eternal power?
The star far hanging in heaven's high tower,
May once have been a drop oozed from a rose!
Then if a star is but th' essence of flower,
Will not man, far the greatest life earth grows,
Live on beyond the grave and find naught to oppose?

V.

Yon mignonette, upon the river brink,
May be the germ of life, the future brings,
Of one who drank o' earth's fountains, and will drink
From those of far, far greater, purer springs!
E'en now methinks I hear an angel's wings
'Mid-air! the guardian of this only link *
Which holds the mortal to immortal things—
For were it lost, a soul thereby would sink
Down in oblivion's slime, and perish in its rink.

VI.

Thou! Ocean! who doth seem, forevermore,
One vast heart that beats its sides, afar,
What 's thy mission?—what god dost thou adore?
At times, as peaceful as Heaven's tranquil star,
At times, with th' Eternal thou dost seem to war.
Great Deep! were mysterious secrets ever seem,
In each uncheck'd, upheaving, foaming scaur—
Where bright, the stars, behold their mirror'd beam,
'Neath heaven's projecting bosom, tell me thy cherish'd dream!

VII.

'Though well, old giant! far from the first, hast thou
Thy secrets kept through time's long flight and dread,
Through many ages past, on, on till now,
When thou entomb'd the lost, th' remember'd fled—
Mysterious flow, where wild sea monsters wed,
I read this in thy weird face, as in th' stars:
That earth 's not all to th' living nor the dead.—
Thus Heaven in mercy to man unbars
Tokens of life eternal, beyond time's wars.

* The mignonette.

VIII.

When we look through the gloomy mist of years,
Th' past seems a lost world we lament and admire—
'Though th' present be night, day yonder appears !—
Through Hope—all we most ardently desire :
Illum'd by the glory of her unquench'd fire.
Aye ! Hope 's a sylph to whom all beauties are given ;
A perfect being, to which all should aspire !
She comes at twilight, at morn, noon and even,
Breathing from her bright robes the sweet perfumes
of Heaven.

MORNING.

Hail ! holy Light ! offspring of Heaven's first-born.
—*Milton.*

The Day hath chased the Night away,
Beyond the dim horizon blue ;
The larkspur 's nodding to the lay
Of turtle-dove, on yonder yew.

The humming bird flies o'er the heath,
And sips the sweets from fair, wild flowers,
From off the mount and valley 'neath,
The smoke from dwellings, heavenward towers.

The songsters of the morn have tuned
There ready instuments anew,
And have, in melody, communed
E'er since the sun first peep'd to view.

Fair Nature, rous'd from out her sleep,
  Hath now begun the busy day;
The glow-worm to its hole doth creep,
  The solemn owl hath hid away.

The nightingale hath ta'en his flight—
  He 's waiting in some forest tree,
For coming sombre shades of night,
  To carol forth his welcome glee.

Off, in "the busy haunts of man,"
  Out on the broad and boundless sea,
All Nature and all life but can
  Speak well of their creator, THEE!

EVENING.

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wings to the rooky wood.
—*Shakspeare.*

Night's soft celestials now reveal
What lurking shadows would conceal;
The vesper's chime and low of kine,
O'er zephyrs steal, that seem divine.

And music seems to breathe above—
Where mournfully cries the plaintive dove—
And sweetly floats through dim arcades,
And wafts beyond their silent shades.

Down Phœbe smiles; and starry spheres,
Like bright, translucent falling tears,
That glisten the repentant's lid,
Bedeck the zenith's face amid.

Summer twilight paints the scene—
Forests, mountains, vale and lake between,
In far more gorgeous hues than glow
From Titian, Raphael, or Angelo.

Some bird of darkness, in its flight,
Oft startles far, the ear of Night:
Then musing—hushed with th' dreamy air,
The soul feels lighten'd of its care.

Then commune through Nature's windows,
With God, who ever good bestows,
For then th' appreciative soul,
Soars near unto th' long'd-for goal.

MAN'S LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

Man's vision is short—confin'd to a sphere
Which little reveals, and leaves him to doubt
Much that 's beyond th' lower world here—
The mysteries speculated about.

A singer a nation may charm by her lay,
A beauty entrance by her looks a whole race:
Do these prevent other nations away,
From equaling the voice, and beautiful face?

Worlds may exist with beings as great
  Or greater by far than earth ever bore—
Some stars may be th' abode of creatures elate,
  Other stars mighty shades long gone before.

Great worlds of beauty, and of joy,
  May roll beyond space's invisible sea,
Where love is love without alloy—
  The stars th' outposts of Heaven may be—

Light-houses to light the spirit its way
  To Heaven, when from Earth's bondage set free—
To keep it from wandering far astray,
  And perishing ingloriously !

Or the bright windows of Heaven they are,
  Through which with tenderest pity, divine,
God and his hosts of angels, afar,
  Behold suffering humanity pine.

Perchance, the link between Heaven and Earth—
  Man's only sight of Eternity—
Oh ! Mortal ! wilt thou e'er know their worth ?
  They are a beautiful mystery !

The sun may borrow his light from the throne
  Of God, as borrows moon from the sun ;
The sun shines brighter—as he e'er has shone—
  Than moon : God is all light, all power in One !

Oh ! beauty may bloom as great, I ween,
  Hidden, as when eyes devour its loveliness,
And stars which never by man were seen,
  Have powers of light as great to bless.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull, cold ear of Death?
—*Gray.*

Night solemnly reign'd, and all was still;
The moon shone bright o'er distant hill,
And one by one, each modest star,
Was glim'ring faintly from afar.
I stood where pensive wanderings led—
'Midst graves of the departed dead,
And thought in meditation deep,
How each had ta'en the awful leap
Into that broad, unfathom'd sea,
Rolling 'twixt Time and Eternity.
To whose far depths, unseen, unknown,
Millions and millions of earth have flown.
Where are the good that sank to rest?
Are they with Heaven's sweet angels bless'd?
The wicked—where, oh, where are they?
'Tis mockery for man to say!
But hark! now falls a distant lay
Of tones that mingle far away!
They 're voices of the hallow'd Night
Which far hath sped its onward flight.
They rise in anthems on the breeze—
Which from th' South in melody flees—
And rushing o'er the glistening lake,
From musings now doth me awake.

From out the grove that 's fair to eye,
Is heard the dove's soft, plaintiff cry—
Sweet odors borne on Zephyrus' car,
Seem the breath of angels from afar.
The loose leaves rustle from their boughs,
And quivering, fall to other mows,
While from the oak's tall leafy shoot,
The solemn owl sends dismal hoot.
Now softly bleat the folded sheep!
The rumbling of the rolling deep
Is wafted o'er the heath to me,
And onward—onward—far and free.
And many sounds, both wild and weird,
That superstitions long have fear'd—
And long on the night-air dwells the roar
Like shrieks from the dark Plutonian shore!
But ah! those sleepers slumber still,
Heedless of all things, good and ill:
Are they not better thus by far,
Than those who yet through life do war?
'Tis their last sleep: the morn may break—
From slumber they 'll no more awake,
Until that last and fearful day
When Earth and Time shall pass away!
From gloomy wolds a solemn blast
Moan'd mournfully as it onward pass'd:
Shuddering coldly, while night yet fled,
Hastily I left the slumbering dead.

OCTOBER, 1870.

EGERIA.

Though years have come and years have gone
  Since I, beneath thy magic smile
Basked--like the glad earth in the dawn,
  When Hope and Joy did th' hours beguile—

As some fair, pure, and tranquil star
  Seems to embody all we crave,
And 'though it sweetly shines afar,
  Still keeps our hopes beyond the grave,

Sweet Undine of the deep blue wave—
  Lov'd houri of Utopian Heaven—
Thus my dearest thoughts to thee I gave,
  Thus in memory they are given.

The stars forevermore enshrin'd
  In their high homes far o'er the sea—
In their dear beauty, me remind,
  Egeria! darling one, of thee!

Ah! yes! methinks I see thee now,
  In all thy wealth of beauty, sweet,
With bright tiaras on thy brow
  And flowing tresses to thy feet.

Dark eyes of wond'rous loveliness—
  A Peri's figure ere its fall—
Supernal beauty—nothing less—
  Thine, darling, dearest one of all.

Oh! joy! there breathes sweet, dear, divine,
Back through memory's hall, so still,
A whisper to my soul from thine,
That wakes a world of beauty in its thrill!

Though I should nevermore greet thee
Down in this vale, as oft of yore,
Thou! thou alone! the star shall be
That guides me to th' goal—t' Heaven's shore!

PURITY.

"Does he love me?" she breathed in her innocence;
Blushed—thinking, "Can such thoughts be wrong?"
Her spirit so pure it could give no offense,
To Heaven, in thought, speech, deed or song.

An angel she looked in her robe of white—
A spirit stepped out from its earthly shroud,
A being of Light in a world of Night,
The brightest star amid the darkest cloud.

She knelt, poured forth her soul in prayer,
And meekly asked to be forgiven;
Each word was borne from earth with care,
And entered in the Book of Heaven—

By angels borne, whose missions are
Descending and ascending, given,
From world to world, past cloud and star—
God's messengers, 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

THE PRAYER OF THE UNIVERSE.

Thou, Ocean! in thy restlessness,
Speak of the Throne on High,
And in thy very heavings, bless
The God whom men deny.

Oh! thou, bright Sun! whose golden rays
Dispel the darkest night,
Thy prayers are many as the days,
Thou ushereth into light.

Sweet Cynthia! thou pale orb of night—
Whom Hesper guards, serene—
Thou! who in thy realm of Light
Rulest starry subjects, queen,

In beauty, thou obeisance payest,
To Him, who thee afar,
Plac'd there where thou enraptured stayest,
Thy diadem a star.

And ye, ye glittering starry spheres!—
A million Arguses' eyes—
Your very presence life endears;
The poetry of the skies.

In modesty's sweet loveliness,
The sacramental cup
Ye fill and drink; by hope no less,
Ye bid the soul look up.

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Sweet Bow! thy prayers art great, and art,
While joys the happy sky,
The hopes thou givest to each heart
Through ages passing by.

Not solely by thy beauty's worth,—
Acknowledge Age and Youth—
Too, by that Power which gave thee birth,
Thou sayest: "God's word is truth."

The mountains, by their lofty flights
The rivers, by their flow,
The forests, by the pure delights,
They offer and bestow.

Thus Nature ever, freely gives,
Devout, her prayers o'er Earth;
True to herself, she nobly lives
As God destined at birth.

APRIL, 1868.

A DREAM.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steeps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.
—*Bryant.*

A dream I dreamt, the other night—
When birds of darkness take their flight:
Inwrapp'd, I lay, a shadow'd soul,
At midnight hour when spirits stroll,

And howling demons ride the blast—
Strange phantoms from the wasted Past.
I thought I gazed at changeful sky,
And watched the dark clouds floating by.
And lay and saw the pale moon stray—
Through Heaven's broad and trackless way—
'Midst stars—mysterious worlds of light—
The flowers of Heaven adorning night.
I gazed upon the rolling waves,
Beneath, saw Deep's unfathomed caves,
And many a sea flower waving there,
Round fair mermaids with golden hair;
Living in love a happy life,
Far from the haunts of mortal strife—
As beautiful as e'er did beam
Ideal in Endymion's dream.
Saw Neptune's calves feed on the shore—
The herd old Proteus guards o'er:
Then counted the celestial spheres,
Reminding me of absent years—
Of days and deeds, pass'd, vanish'd, gone!
As 'midst the winter summer's dawn,
Like snow which falls on mountain brow
In vale is creeping waters now.
Saw angel acts by children o' God,
Children who e'er the right path trod.
And saw beneath moon's shadow'd sheens
Carousals dark of many fiends,
Low sunk in deepest depths of sin—
The vilest hosts of Pluto's kin.
Upon the stygian waters tossing,
I saw souls the Cocytus crossing,
Ferried through the mystic dark

By Charon, in his weird bark—
While to and fro along the shore
Roam'd sad ghosts longing to pass o'er.
And all things here which I did see
Bore th' sombre beauty of Hecate.
I heard loud sounds of fiercest might,
Commingled with soft moans of Night.
Also saw friends I long to see,
In dreamland, who are far from me.
And 'midst those many friends of yore
Saw those who 're lost forevermore—
Though heart may long till mind doth craze,
They 're lost to all save Fancy's gaze.
Thus visions pass, resplendent play,
Like light from Heaven snatch'd away.
The night pass'd on—bright came day's beam:
I woke to find, at last—A DREAM.

LOVE.

There 's love that 's like the meteor—
  Endearing while it lasts—
That flashes—burns—forevermore
  Dies—darkness it o'ercasts.

Yet, like th' sweet, fix'd star of night,
  A love far, far more dear, there be—
Grand, pure, beautiful and bright!
  Glowing ever—eternally!

VENNOVA.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.
—*Shelley.*

Once, on as bright and fair a day
As ever mortal eyes behold—
When Nature to her God did pray
Her thanks for mercies manifold—

Fair Vennova and I both moved
'Neath the glorious cerulean heaven—
Beside the still lake we roved—
To love our fond hearts were given.

Around the lake on every side,
Mystical shadows veil'd the air—
Some cherish'd secret seeming to hide
In eternal mystery there.

Until eve in her beauty was born—
With the veil of twilight over her face—
We seemed happy as th' fair young Morn,
When smiling to view from her hiding place.

Swiftly, sorrowfully, then a sadness,
Fell on our raptur'd souls, so light,
That eftsoons nigh to madness
Lead, with melancholy blight.

"Seest thou yon star so lovely bright?"
Pensively, Vennova to me said.
"Yes! dear one! but why so sad to-night?"
I whisper'd—she droop'd her lovely head,

As tears from her soul-rapturing eyes,
Fell like the melting dews of even—
"Farewell! beloved! beyond the skies,
When that star wanes, I'll be in Heaven!"

The star grew dim—my lov'd one pale,
She by the loveliest beauty bless'd!
I curs'd high Heaven with frantic wail:
She meekly pass'd from earth to rest—

To that fair land that breathes and blooms
In all the beauty God's love gives—
Beyond man's ken and earth's dark glooms,
Where time the deathless sprite outlives.

THE CLOSE OF DAY.

The moon from out the east doth peep,
The sun 's low wheeling o'er the deep:
The stars are scattered in the sky,
The mountains rear their heads on high;
The vale is curtained and asleep,
The brook and river onward creep,
The nightingale its melody
Is swelling from the hawthorn tree.
Sounds soft and low the tinkling fold,

Loud barks the watch-dog fierce and bold.
The owlet shrieks far down the brakes,
The frog the drowsy cricket wakes.
There stands the well, and here the stile;
Where rustics oft their hours beguile:
But Day hath died—Night mounts the throne,
Reigns o'er the slumbering world alone.

BEYOND.

A Sonnet.

O! Heavenly Muse! with thy soft, dulcet shell,
Come! breathe in me thy many fancies wild!—
Give me thy mightiest magic undefil'd—
Boundless imagination's charming spell—
Heaven's highest inspiration yield as well:
That I with these—though momentary power—
Behold beyond this lowly realm of Hour—
Beyond! where Knowledge, Power and Wisdom dwell
'Midst Beauty's wealth sublime.—Where all is styl'd
Eternity.—Where time is but a name
By which the life of mortal is beguil'd.
Where Past, Present and Future, are one, th' same,
Where God's intelligence hath ever smil'd—
To world beyond: where dwell Love, Hope and Fame.

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P. 30.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

The great Chicago fire began late on Sunday evening, October 8th, 1871, and terminated the following Wednesday; destroying in the meantime many million dollars of property and many lives.

Chicago! great city of the West!
All that wealth, all that power invest—
Thou sprang like magic from the sand,
As though touch'd by th' magician's wand,
On Lake Michigan's surf-beaten shore,
Where dashing waves and wild winds roar.
Where that which Nature's wilds obscured,
When found great enterprise allured,
And soon the wilderness of the plains,
Gave place to civilized domains.
Where roam'd the savage, wild bedight,
There settled wealth, and power and might.
Improvements on improvements grew;
Excelled by none, thy equals few,
Thou stood a monument of what
Real enterprise and worth had wrought.
Alas for man! his works are frail:
Uncertain as the fitful gale—
To thee came an insidious hour,
Which swept away with fiendish power
The gather'd wealth of many years;
Leaving sad hearts and bitter tears.
The fire-fiends with hell-born delight,
Did marshal up their hosted might,
And fiercer grew, and call'd for more,

And wider spread, with deaf'ning roar.
The flame, a wild and fierce simoon,
And now a raging mad typhoon,
Destroy'd the buildings with a breath
Of his hot breathings—breathing death!
With cottages, gray, white and brown,
Palatial mansions crumbled down
And melted, as the hot fires won,
Like snow beneath a torrid sun.
With all the rest, did perish there
A mine of all the fine arts rare;
Releas'd from its prison-house, of clay,
Too, many a soul wing'd its far way.
The living flame leap'd high, afar,
As though the vault of heaven 'twould mar!
Now madly sweeps with angry glare.
Salvation! where art thou? O! where?
Fair women, who had ne'er known want,
Now see the Wolf,* grim, gray, and gaunt—
And she who ne'er had felt a care,
Runs here and there in wild despair.
The merchant, once the millionaire,
Needy and maniacal stare.
Everywhere the hot flame heats,
All grades of mortals fill the streets.
Here pass'd the maiden chaste and pure,
There some wild rake's fair paramour.
Here, sad the man of fortune's wreck;
There culprits writh'd and hung by neck:
And here forlorn a wretch, now crazed,
Sought peace and rest where Death but gazed.
Another, frenzied, ran through flame,

*Poverty.

Loudly shrieking some lov'd one's name.
The broad lake bore, in wild distress,
Brave men, and women's loveliness.
For days and nights the fire-fiends raged,
No mortal means their force assuaged.
Destruction did not an atom wane,
Till Heaven, in pity, sent the rain—
'Twas then it waver'd, and grew less—
Then, then, for man his God to bless.
Now gird thy loins, the demons rest,
Thou! Garden City of the West;
Thou hast been—thou again shalt be
The goal of all—'tis thine, in thee:
A Phœnix, in thy ashes, thou
Shalt spring in glory from the now.

OCTOBER, 1871.

DRIFTING.

In our boat we are on the sea
  Lying now so calm and still,
The world seems full of melody,
  And fragrance seems the air to fill.

Fair Rosamond is by my side—
  In all her loveliness, so fair
She oft wounds many a beauty's pride—
  Awakening pangs of jealous care.

The night is one of loveliness—
A night when in our hearts we feel
That angels, in their homes they bless,
Behold all human woe and weal.

While o'er the waters we do roam,
Across the wave the sea-birds call:
We 're drifting on a league from home—
O'er vasty deep moon and starlight fall.

The breeze which whispers round our sail
Seems to breathe of another world,
Near by, just there beyond the pale
Blue, dreamy clouds that float unfurl'd.

A radiant world of peace and love,
That freely yields all th' warm heart craves.
On, like a lovely dream, we move,
Far o'er the bosoms of the waves—

That are floating, gently, ever,
Upon their far eternity—
And like the longing Peri, never
Find the goal they wish to see.

Rosamond's hand I clasp, gaze in her face,
Thinking: Is this life all can science prove?
Then what are we?—what th' human race?
What means our craving, insatiate love?

Must this lov'd one fall by the way,
With such peerless beauty? such innocence?
Go to the grave but to decay,
And be but nothingness e'er hence?

Ye Powers beyond Earth's wisest eye,
Save man from such a dark decree!
To thee! great God! in fear, I cry:
Forbid! or all is mockery!

Did I know all doom'd like the beast,
And I could one from the rest retrieve!
Myself or one, Rosamond's soul, at least—
'Though mine were lost—should ever live.

THE RESTLESS WANDERER.

Morning and evening. A night-storm. The seeming promise of happiness associated with a beautiful morning, is felt by all who have an innate love for the æsthetic. But as time passes on only to bring, as it often does, misfortune, we look back to see that this very beauty was a mask, as it were, for misery to come.

Chalporth, a man of a powerful intellect, a sensitive and sympathetic nature, and a great love, in the highest sense, for the perfect in the beautiful, wandered over the world in diligent search of the genial spirit he hoped at first to find. At length, after spending a lifetime of fruitless search for his ideal, he despaired; abandoned his undertaking, when his liberated soul soared to the arms of the Eternal.

I.

The Morn is up, in all her fair array—
There's on the breeze a floating murmur borne;
Now Nature weeps her silent tears away,
And hands to Night th' dark mantle she has worn.
The lark's aroused, and sweet his winging horn!
Far in the east, the morning star appears!

The mist fades from the yellow fields of corn,
As Phœbus brightly comes; the hearts he cheers
Are many: Darkness hath flown from the foe he fears.

II.

Eve comes! now slumbers sweet the curtain'd Vale:
In Nature's bosom, th' Lake is hushed in sleep,
The owl hoots to the moon a melancholy tale.
'Twixt leaves of trees, dews o' twilight softly seep—
The Breeze oft soaring lowly now doth creep;
The Storm is resting in the forest cave,
There husbands strength, to future ruin reap;
The Wind is softly whispering to the Wave—
The Blast is hush'd, but ere long he will madly rave.

III.

It later grows; and Night now reigns supreme!
Stars silently come, and lovingly meet.
Forth Luna walks: hark! 'tis the night-bird's scream.
There, softly floats along one cloudy sheet—
I hear the sad sea dirging low and sweet!
A wondrous lay—a grand, pathetic tune.
Now spirits hover near lov'd hearts that beat
On earth, to guard their sleep.—'Tis now night's noon!
When Fairies dance on clouds and Peris greet the moon.

IV.

Fair Dian wanes—a cloud obscures her face—
The mutt'ring Thunder growls his savage threats.
A mighty storm is coming, and apace
Each element of Nature more power begets.
Now lightning sparkles in bright zigzag jets:
Cloudy phantoms grimly dance 'neath Heaven's bar.

The rain, once dropping, now a torrent sets—
Now lightning, chain'd and fork'd, shoots near and far,
And living storms fling thunderbolts from star to star.

V.

Both night and storm have fled! the sleeping wake!
And hand in hand now forth come Love and Joy!
The songsters sweetly carol from the brake,
And all seems beautiful! But to decoy,
Now Misery comes fair Happiness to destroy.
Star-soul'd Chalporth fell victim to misery's bane,
When young, a man in mind e'en when a boy:
A pilgrim from his birth, Nature his fane—
He seeks, but seeks in vain, while his years onward wane.

VI.

He sought a genial soul, but none could find—
His spirit from the loftiest life had sprung—
Expecting more than those he met enshrin'd.
Like him, all such, whate'er the sex among,
Are led to mania, if they die not young—
For flesh and spirit ever are at war.
No pen can truly write, nor tell no tongue,
The gloom that shrouds that life, full sore,
That saw each flower o' hope decay when scarce a a blush it bore.

VII.

Chalporth had travel'd much—through many lands—
Imbibed from Pleasure's sweetest founts, to lose
Th' phantom following—then tried wedlock's bands:
But these fail'd happiness to infuse.
While 'midst life's darkest shadows he did muse,
Alone, one came, an angel from afar,

To minister to him, now a recluse;
To aid him mount to Heaven's celestial bar—
'Midst life's clouds the faint, 'though solitary star.

VIII.

Her stay was short: for jealous eyes did spy
Them, hidden in the bower with fair love fraught.
The demon, Darkness, hover'd in the sky,
His damp wings flapp'd despair and Hope was naught:
All her scintillations his fierce jaws caught—
He swallow'd, as new and tender snow-flakes
Are swallow'd by th' remorseless Sea: thus wrought
The fiend—o'er ruins chuckling; as in wakes
Of shipwrecks, Death laughs at shivering ghosts he sportive makes.

IX.

His spirit weep'd within for his sad heart's
Deep misery, which well knew that Hope had fled.
A desert waste man's life, when she departs.
Much of life's path is through a woods, where dread
Grim ogres rise to flee before the tread,
Of many, far; while others do despair,
And feel that Hope is number'd with the dead.
But lo! in Heaven, behold that angel there!
Who cries: 'Beyond, Hope still lives, in perfection fair!"

X.

Behold the Pyramids! relics of long ago;
Each tow'ring toward heaven a glist'ning head,
Where fleecy clouds dream round, above, below—
Peacefully slumbering in soft aerial bed,

Ere call'd by Nature, their bright tears to shed.
The Pyramids! Monuments of mummied kings,
Where the imprison'd blast, howls o'er the dead,
And melancholy ghosts whom Misery stings—
Each earth-spent, wasted lives, on memory's track, he flings.

XI.

Chalporth had seen the Pyramids sublime,
Seen Nature's conservatories throughout th' world—
In every nation, country, land and clime,
Had wander'd where'er Time his wings unfurl'd:
Had watch'd the mighty avalanche, as it hurl'd
Down in the flowery vale—when in its maw,
Went all the loveliness that once impearl'd,
Or fell a shapeless mass 'neath its demon paw:
Thus swiftly pass earth's fruits away. The Alps he saw:

XII.

Saw th' Rocky and other mountains. Vast forms,
Rising, like giant phantoms, man to fright;
Triumphant conquerors of mightiest storms—
Storms cloth'd in the armor of day and night,
Which with great thunderbolts do vainly fight.
Here Nature shames the greatest works of art,
In all that's grand and sublime unto the sight—
Which to the soul ambition doth impart,
Inspiring it to fulfill the dictates of the heart.

XIII.

"A man may smile and be a villain still,"
A truth experience often calls to mind:
The belle's' proud breast, an aching heart may fill,

E'en while she reigns the queen of beauty; kind
She may be, but ah! too vain. Thus we find
Th' Wanderer—th' proud victim of circumstance—
Within his heart his ideal he enshrin'd—
Cherishing a wish he hid from every glance,
Though roaming plains or mountains, or in the fane
or dance.

XIV.

One other thing also would make him bless'd,
He thought; and yet that this could ever be
He little hoped: and still that wish his rest,
His soul disturb'd, as mighty storm the sea.
He long'd from all restraints existence free—
To be a real plurality, and, too,
Retain his individuality,
So that with each and all the friends he knew,
Throughout earth, he could be with at once—to all
true.

XV.

'Though he lov'd Nature long, thus time did kill,
With whom his being moved with impulse free;
Yet she tired his soul when it drank its fill,
As the alluring charms of revelry
Did satiate—a honey-laden bee.
Not so a genial soul—that presence bright—
Then earth-life 's a sweet dream of Heaven, fair t' see!
Of which the sun, moon, stars are concenter'd light,
Without which mortal's world would ever be in night.

XVI.

Chalporth sicken'd of th' world, and fled
T' Solitude, which he his companion made—
Sought Nature out, and on her grandeur fed;

But all her pleasures like the rest did fade—
Of Heaven's bliss earth's joys are but the shade;
Such the Almighty's will. By His bequeath
Chalporth reach'd th' land where life in love 's array'd,
A land where sorrow 's not, nor doubt, nor death—
A land fairer than "Love's young dream," sweeter
than th' rose's breath.

SPRING.

'Tis spring! the birds are singing in the coppice!
Each fruit tree bears the lovely blush of promise—
And sweetly o'er the land, from sea to sea,
The infant bud dreams of the flower to be—
And vale and mount, alike in vernal green,
Bloom forth in beauty, gorgeous and serene:
The silvery stream goes dancing on its way,
The fisherman hides from the sun's warm ray,
Beneath the foliage of the sycamore,
And waits to see what luck 's for him in store.
The gentle kine graze on the meadow grass,
The flocks search high up in the mountain pass;
The plover pipes upon the prairie way,
From early morn until the close of day,
When lovely Luna hangs her horn on high
Far in the eastern watch-tower of the sky,
Above the fleckless fleecy clouds of grace,
Hovering o'er in the vastiness of space.
Far down, the stars from their high, saintly rest,
View themselves tremulous imaged in the breast

Of a lovely lake in the solemn, dreamy wold—
A lake of beauty, wondrous to behold!
Yet, whilst we gaze, its grandeur doth improve:
The waves awake! the scene grows sweet as love!
As she, who far too proud to e'er be vain,
'Though near and far the one belle she doth reign,
Adds to her loveliness a peerless charm, and rare,
When blushing, she beholds herself mirror'd fair!
All these breathe of the spring—of the gentle spring begun,
When sweet and dear, Life, Love, Youth, Hope are one:
Not only of this world, and the things of this,
But of the sweet forevermore, where life eternal is.

AUTUMNAL.

While gently fall the leaves,
The pensive boughs o'erhead
Are mournfully singing, low,
A requiem of the dead.

The flowers, too, have faded,
And Time has conquered all—
Has changed the summer zephyrs
To rushing winds of fall.

The harvest season 's over,
And number'd with the past—
All nature 's sad and dreary,
As roars the autumn blast.

The barren hills and valleys
  Are records of the changes,
With spring-birds' absent warblings
  Along the mountain ranges.

But where are they, the dear ones,
  Who should be past summer's life,
And in years autumnal
  With hoary age be rife!

Well-nigh all have perish'd,
  As did the fragrant rose—
But unlike will appear
  Where no autumn doth oppose—

In that great world that 's dear
  To earth's departed, sacred souls,
They 're safe from care, sin, and strife,
  And this life's tempestuous shoals.

Each spring to autumn flies—
  Each youth transforms to age,
Some recording, many not,
  On Time's historic page.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

THE CHASE.

Now Morn in her orient chamber wakes.
On the air the blast of the hunter's horn
Startles the stillness, as it breaks
The sleep of all to whom 'tis borne.

Gallant knights uprise, and ladies fair,
And call for their steeds—a noble race:
Each anxious hound runs here and there,
Eagerly panting for the chase.

The steeds are brought, and mounted soon,
By the merry, sporting company—
And eyes that long have craved the boon
Now joy'd in their affinity.

A stag is loos'd from his pent rest,
Where he has fattened for the chase:
Of all the deer, he is the best—
The largest, swiftest of his race.

Ready! the horses no urging need—
Of the excitement they, too, partake;
Away they bound, o'er fence and mead,
And into the leafy umbrage break.

Through the cypress wold they flee—
Past many a wild Idalian bower—
They hear the booming of the sea,
They breathe the perfume of the flower.

The deer bounds on his headlong way,
  Swift rushing from the foes he fears—
The ope-mouth'd bloodhounds' baleful bay
  Comes, a death-knell, to his ears.

The hunters crave him—now they urge
  Their steeds, and test their fleetest powers;
Now from the woods they do emerge—
  Far o'er the plain the swift deer scours!

Night's shadows fall on all below—
  The queenly moon comes forth! no less
The radiant stars, that ever glow
  In their eternal silences.

But lo! the lord of many a waste—
  Pauses—gazing wildly back!
Far better for him on to haste—
  He falls! and to the rifle's crack.

Weary with the long-liv'd chase,
  The knights and winsome ladies fair,
Their jaded steeds turn, and retrace
  To castle, and refreshments there.

THE MANIAC.

The maniac sprang from off his bed,
And placed his hand upon his brow.
"I feel within my soul is dead"—
His mind is wandering now.

"Fiend! open the door—unbar! unbar!—
Why am I chain'd by arm to floor?—
But, see! there 's one bright, shining star!
Which kindly guards my prison door—

"It stands a silent sentinel, there;
With pity looks from its bright eye,
Down on me in my despair—
Ah! there 's a serpent on the sky—

"It 's crawling, like the crawl of Death—
It coils; now buries in a cloud—
I feel its poisoned, fetid breath!
It warns me of the burial shroud.

"Hark! hark! I hear, I see in the air,
Fiends, demons, dragons, and devils!
Why tarry with me in my despair?
Why not off to their wild revels?

"But still they stay—behold! I see!—
But this is madness, my keepers tell—
O! from out this prison, free me!
Why make my living death, a hell?"

THE HALL OF VALHALLA.*

Hark! on the ear there is toss'd
  Sweet martial melody wild,
It comes like the sob of a lost,
  Yet loved and beautiful child.
From Valhalla's Hall it doth come,
  Where Odin, the great god is.
Good tidings his ravens brought home,
  And to-night is a revel o'er this.
Phantoms feast on the vines of the god,
  And they fight the battles of yore—
Fierce shades, of heroes under the sod,
  Oft fight their wild battles o'er—
Alternately, they feast and fight,
  'Neath the smiles of their mighty god,
Who watches, and when all is right,
  Doth render an approving nod.
Th' Valkyrior virgins recruit o'er th' corse,
  From the battle-field of the slain—
More phantoms t' strengthen Odin's force—
  An army of ghosts to retain;
Till arrives that hour so drear,
  When the great dread battle's to fight,
Which gods and Titans do fear—
  When one race will vanish in night.

* The abode of the god Odin.—[Scandinavian Mythology.

MURDER.

Composed at Independence, Kansas, when first hearing of the horrible murders by the fiendish Bender family.

When rampant Murder stalks the land,
  Breathing death—blighting far and nigh—
Hills, wolds, all things, the wound feel, and
  In deep distress to the Eternal cry.
Wild Anger rises from his rest,
  Shakes off the drowsy web of sleep,
Now fiercest passions him invest,
  And o'er his swollen body creep.
And Vengeance dons his robes blood-red,
  Calls to the clouds which sympathetic be,
That moving on mourn for the dead—
  Souls hurl'd from time into Eternity.
Are th' midnight, crime-stain'd deeds of woe,
  Deeds o' wandering fiends, which naught appease,
Are Hell's dark, nameless deeds more low
  Than th' Drum Creek Bender tragedies?
The moon grieves o'er the silent dead,
  In pity gazes th' sad-eyed star;
Where deep death-cries the wild air fed,
  With silence they yet seem to war.
The spirit, o'er the grave, doth weep,
  For its dead body hidden there.
Hark! shrouds rustle! 'gainst death's untim'd sleep
  Rebelling, moves th' corse in its despair!
Whoe'er struck much the harmless flint
  And brought not forth the venom'd fire?
Just Nemesis! arise, nor stint
  The vengeance of thy fatal ire!

FORGIVE THIS TEAR.

Forgive! forgive! this burning tear,
  Wrung, in memory, from my heart—
In memory of the past, so dear,
  That far hath gone from me—apart

Of Heaven I'll see on earth no more—
  A long'd-for joy forever flown,
Like some fair phantom we adore,
  It mocks me with a glimpse alone.

I trust the golden days we lose
  Will bloom in beauty once again;
I trust that past, on which I muse,
  Beyond will live, no more to wane.

GONE BEFORE.

In Memory of Eugene Cole.

Who can grieve too much? What time shall end
Our mourning for so dear a friend?
—*Creech.*

The tree which promis'd much that's rare,
  Wither'd while its young fruit wreathed!
The fresh flower that on earth bloom'd fair,
  Was blighted while it fragance breathed!
The star which shone so sweetly bright,
  In heaven's eternal ether blue,

Hath fallen in the gulf of night,
And vanish'd from our longing view!
Yes! he, EUGENE, has to the blast
Of fate bow'd early in life's spring,
As each and all, in turn, at last,
Must fade beneath Death's sombre wing.
Promethean fire, warm, beauteously,
The chambers of his soul illumed;
A votary of Parnassus, free
The fair flowers of his muse have bloomed.
Gone! as a dream we fondly cherish
Yet lose, alas! forevermore!
O! must our love, too, perish
With the one whom we adore?
No! no! for while his vanish'd form
Shall brightly live on memory's page,
Haunting e'er life's calm and storm—
Like a bird freed from its cage,
As fair as love, beyond the grave,
Where Morning never veils her face,
Through Heaven th' spirit will soar, God gave,
And wait us: as now it soars in grace.

ANGEL VOICES.

With fragrant odors on the air,
Which zephyrs to my window bear,
There comes to me a sweet refrain,
Seeming from off yon dewy plain!

Angel voices sweetly swelling;
Wafting by the arbor, telling:
"Above, we sympathize with thee,
Oh! man! in thy deep misery!
And here, in Heaven we ever pray
For thee, a being far astray—
Whom Hope now lights, whom now Despair
Shows all is dark, where once 'twas fair.
But why shouldst thou despond on earth
When Heaven for thee hath other birth—
A tranquil life, in a world—oft sought
In vain by man's best searching thought—
Beyond the star, so sweet and bright,
Glowing on th' far-off shore of night,
Where there 's no need of Lethe's wave—
Heed! Heaven yields all the soul doth crave!"
The voices vanish—sweetly wane—
And Meditation now doth reign.

PROGRESSION.

A Vision of Futurity.

In th' future far, I see the goal—
  There! there! I see the darkness lit—
Where now each earth-departed soul,
  Soaring toward the Infinite,
Nears the dear, momentous hour,
  When it shall rest beyond the skies—
I see each spirit bud a lovely flower,
  Blooming sweetly in th' Garden of Paradise!

TROPICAL.

Beautiful are the maids that glide,
On summer eves, through Yemen's dales,
And bright the glancing looks they hide
Behind their litters' roseate veils.
—*Moore.*

What a joyous thing, to awake,
In a lovely summer clime,
Where orioles sing from tree and brake
And nightingales join the chime.
Where dark-eyed girls, with raven hair,
More beautiful than a goddess, even,
Dwell in all their radiance fair,
Real houris in an earthly heaven.
What glories, there, the day unfolds—
What rapturing beauty of scenery!
In sea, in streams—in mounts, vales, wolds,
E'er green—in flowers that bloom so free.
How fair, to see, that land when dead
Is day, and night makes good the loss:
Behold, o'er wave, on aerial bed,
Asleep, the floating albatross!
Behold that moon, that mingles light
With all the stars that blaze and burn—
Eve's blooming flowers.—By day or night
The eye sweet beauty doth discern.
As Luna in beauty supernal,
Looks out from her tower alway,
As stars, in warm love, eternal,
To the great God ever do pray,

Thus constant I'll be to the maiden
I know in that tropical land,
For my heart with love is o'er-laden
For fair Salome, my soul's deodand.
And oft as Eve's fairest star, yonder,
Doth serene light in loveliness dole,
Then steals on my sense the sweet wonder
Of her pure and beautiful soul.

REST.

Oh! we shall rest—forever rest—
At home, beyond yon dreamy sky
Fast growing purple in the west,
'Neath Day's all-seeing, glorious eye.
Where all do live as clear from stain,
As o'er the earth yon glowing star,
Reflecting from the liquid main,
Its image taintless, free and far.
Where life is long, where hope is real,
Undimm'd by shades that mock us here;
Where that crav'd vainly here, we feel
In radiant beauty, thrilling, near—
There each and all shall happy be,
By time's annihilation wrought;
Each pent life then will be as free,
As soaring as unshackl'd thought.
Then look! nor veil in tears the eye,
Beyond 's no vestige of Despair—
Behold! afar on Being's sky,
Fair Hope's bright sceptre stirs the air!

IMPROVISED.

On receiving a newspaper, dated December 19, 1874, from a distance, with the following sentence written on the margin, in a lady's hand, without a signature: "I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

Who? who art thou, fair nameless friend,
  That wishest me so great a boon?
Why not with thy good wish, too, send
  To me thy hidden name as soon?

A merry Christmas, a happy year,
  You write you wish me, from afar:
How sensitive thou art, t' wish yet fear
  To tell me who you really are.

Although thy name incog remains—
  And even though I knew thee not,
Comes thy wish as sweet, as lost on plains
  Heaven's aid to a wretch by man forgot.

Methinks I know thee, 'though thy name
  Thou hast withheld through modest fears—
The past comes back, more sweet than fame,
  Across the weary waste of years.

Oh! dear to me the nevermore!
  I would that dream might ever last—
The golden days, the days of yore!
  The past that is forever past.

Since thou hast given no address,
  'Tis meet to thank thee, thus, I deem:
May Heaven thy eon ever bless—
  May thy life be, one sweet, unbroken dream.

COROLINDA BLAKE.

An angel face; its sunny wealth of hair
In radiant ripples bathed the graceful throat
And dimpled shoulders; round the rosy curve
Of the sweet mouth a smile seemed wandering even,
While in the depths of azure fire that gleamed
Beneath the drooping lashes, slept a world
Of eloquent meaning, passionate yet pure—
Dreamy—subdued—but, oh! how beautiful.

—Poe.

She stands and combs her long and flowing hair,
Hard by Nature's mirror—the pure, limpid lake—
None could imagine aught so fresh and fair,
As sweet and lovely Corolinda Blake.

Her eyes are like two gentle stars, when breaking
The gloom of night, that down benignly beam.
Her mouth is like a sweet red rose just waking
At morn, 'midst summer, from out a dewy dream.

Now, as she combs her flowing tresses dark,
Lo! that fair hand! how perfect it is wrought!
Behold that face and form! her beauty mark!
'Tis to enshrine the one Egeria sought.

Not e'en the love-enthralling aphrodite,
The Queen of Love, with all her beauty rare,
Could pluck one laurel from her brow—delight
E'er breathed round her, the fairest of the fair.

She gazes, blushing to herself behold
So beauteous imaged in great Nature's mirror:
Did ever Time before her equal mould?
Is there in Heaven an angel fairer, dearer?

Her sweet face mirrors her perfect soul—
To make the wicked good her smile suffic'd:
Put to the task she would have won the goal
Of winning even Satan unto Christ.

DEPARTED.

A FRIEND.

Dear friend! companion lov'd forsooth,
Can it be so that thou art gone?
Alas! it is the solemn truth,
Thou died in manhood's early dawn.
In springtime when the wild flowers wave
Their sweets o'er thy hallowed bed,
They 'll mutely speak from off thy grave
To passers by: "A soul hath fled."
In falling tears thy parents mourn
The absence of their only son:
Thou left this world but to be born
In that far brighter, holier one.
Thy sisters feel death's bitter blow,
Missing thee, dear brother from their sight—
But they, as all believers know,
Will meet thee where come no shades of night—
Beyond the portals of the tomb,
In those bright courts of Heaven above,
Where there is ever vacant room,
And God's e'erlasting, constant love.
I knew him well in days now flown,

Noble of heart and soul was he—
  Ah! few of earth have less t' atone
For in sins of Life's uncertainty.
  Then weep not, relatives and friends,
For Howard 's peacefully at rest,
  His voice in holy anthem blends
With choirs angelic, Heaven's blest.
  JANUARY, 1872.

ASLEEP.

She sleeps! the beauty of the vale!
Her brow is calm, her cheeks are pale,
Lips slightly ope, as though would stray,
Her thoughts upon the wind, away.
She, one, of perfect health doth seem,
In whom love's noblest feelings teem.
She sleeps in an arcadian bower,
Where perfume from the forest flower,
Breathing round her wild-wood bed,
And through locks of her lovely head,
Enhances restless, wanton breeze,
Which stirs the leaves upon the trees—
And now and then, in ruder blow,
Exposes breasts of virgin snow,
A hand as perfect and as fair,
As hopes that swim in happy air,
A foot as light and comely made,
As e'er possess'd by nymph or naiad,

A limb as perfect in its swell
As e'er through dance hath borne the belle.
With beauty, which to homage pay,
That th' many crown'd her "Queen of May,"
With Diana's virtue, and Sappho's soul,
Her presence made an Eden goal.
And 'though the whispers of the wind,
With voices of the trees combin'd,
Oft rise above, oft lowly creep,
Still doth the "Queen of Beauty" sleep.
But lo! she stirs! gaze on her brow!
Hush! hush! draw near! Great God! e'en now,
E'en while we spoke of her fair charms,
Death subtlely our darling harms.
Each breath in weaker volume flows,
Each rise of bosom slower grows.
Wake! wake her! and we 'll death oppose!
Why should she die! this sweet spring Rose,
With such a wealth of beauty bless'd?
Ask not, but hope, and leave t' God th' rest.
Already she hath woke above,
And with pure angels' sacred love
Is shielded from all pain and harm on high.
And finds that rest for which the weary sigh.

TO M——

Dear M——! when sad, and clouds of night
  Settling on my soul do seem,
A thought of thee dispels them quite,
  And life 's a fair and lovely dream!

A dream of love intensified
  By th' soul's ideal—mine thou art—
Most mortals are on earth denied
  The fondest image of the heart.

Thou art so fair, so radiant fair,
  That beauty, love, and melody,
Are far more precious everywhere—
  Because they are adorned by thee!

Adorn'd by thee, as roses are
  By th' gentle perfume, sweet as love,
As heaven's eternal, glowing star,
  By th' mystery clothing it, above.

Thy face is like a fair spring morn,
  Thy eyes are like the depths of heaven—
So deep they reach beyond this bourne,
  So distant deep their meaning, even.

Thy hands are like fair glows of light,
  Snowy receptacles for flowers—
As beautiful and spotless white
  As clustering pearls in sea-nymphs' bowers.

Thy voice thrills round like golden bells
  Bless'd fairies ring near eventide,
When singing birds, in happy dells,
  Tell Spring comes like a blushing bride.

And in thy movements what can be
  Dearer to th' Graces' sensitive taste?
The embodiment of melody,
  Thou breathest song through earth's wide waste!

THE DECREE OF FATE.

In an imperial valley glade,
  Where everything was fair
With beauty's gifts, that round were laid
  On earth, and hung in air,
A castle held a maiden fair,
  Who dwelt 'midst all that wealth could buy,
And a youth in a lonely cottage, there,
  In the lovely vale, liv'd nigh.
Affection sprang in their hearts warm—
  O'er the gulf 'twixt wealth and poverty,
A beautiful bridge kind Love did form,
  Which Fate's waves destroy'd, unfeelingly.
As th' day-god in his golden car,
  Rode over the western wave,
And Twilight flung each sparkling star
  Into the sky, which Beauty gave,
And Cynthia's face suffused a glow,
  Whilst she smil'd through sidereal tears,

On reigning night—on world below,
With its empty joys and fears,
That maid lay sickened unto death:
Wan was her classic brow,
And slower came each painful breath,
Which mock'd life's moments, now.
Now bending o'er that one so fair,
From which the rose of health hath fled,
Is he who loves—he doth despair—
The one he fondly loves, is dead!
O! thus it is on earth: we find
A glow of transient light,
Absorbing heart. and soul and mind,
T' see it vanish in death's dark night.
Oft wandering alone in solitude,
He felt and he saw in the breeze,
Her spirit, so pure, which haunted th' wood
Of th' vale, with its whispering trees.
This taught his soul to Heavenward soar—
As Peris long the Angels to greet.
As spotless as snow was the robe she wore;
Said her fond smile: Despair not—we shall meet!

THE LAND I LOVE THE BEST.

The land the dearest unto me
Is far beyond the rolling sea,
Where 'mid sweet scenes, which ever bless,
Live Love and Beauty in happiness.
The golden Hours in peace roam there,
By sparkling rills so pure and fair;
They seem, as they gently lave th' brink,
The fountains where lovely spirits drink.
There Day e'er flees through golden light,
There e'er in beauty roams the Night:
There, with a peerless orient maid,
In that elysian land I staid,
For months and months—this boon was mine:
A votary at the fairest shrine.
How fair she was to look upon!
As beautiful as the infant dawn
Of summer, with its flowers and streams—
A golden dream of lovely dreams.
Her rich lips through which song flow'd free,
Are like the past, a memory—
Her lovely person, so admired,
Like a fair flower bloom'd and then expired.
Expired on earth in Heaven to be—
Beyond those beauteous stars we see,
O'er yonder dreamy mountain wold,
Where fleckless clouds their beauty hold.
No flower of Heaven can breathe more rare,
A beauty than her presence there—
When call'd from earth, which sigh'd to give,

She went to God—fore'er to live.
'Mid feelings which awaken care,
I wander back, in memory, there,
Where a fair, lov'd angel looks at even,
Above the pale, starry orb of heaven.

PROOF OF MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

Man's noble, burning thoughts die never,
Though time may many mountains strew:
When his creations live forever,
Shall man not, their creator, too?
The homely seed that in the ground dies,
Into new-life springs, a tree, or flower,
Then man the noblest 'neath the skies,
In th' grave must own e'en greater power.
Were earth all that exists for man,
Only th' brute's mind he'd be given,
And not those mighty powers that scan
All, save the sacred rites of Heaven!
'Tis the lot of mortal to lament,
And naught will change this wise decree—
'Tis the striving of the spirit, pent
Within the body, to be free.
Outside of bible, dogma, creed,
We see it in the restless sea,
In blast, in zephyr, we can read:
Man's life goes on eternally.
Why should music so touch hearts,

That e'en when vanish'd to the ear,
There is a something ne'er departs—
Its soul, enrapturing, still is near?
Why do we, in our hearts, e'er find
A friend whom we do prize as dear,
Grow more within our souls enshrin'd
As the parting hour draws near?
Does man fore'er through life aspire
To soar above his lot for naught?—
Like some proud bird, its course e'er higher,
Why do we rise on wings of thought?
These! these are proof, within themselves,
Of that life to be, we ever crave:
Our every nature, too, rebels
Against annihilation in the grave.
That we long for others' sympathy,
In love, in all we cherish—
That we wish to live beyond Time's sea—
Are proof we ne'er shall perish!
Those beautiful ones, that come and flee
Like fair eidolons haunting dreams—
Like glimpses fair earth's favor'd see
Of Heaven's few, short minute gleams—
Teach us, e'en while their loss we mourn—
They to every impulse dear—
To dry our tears, for they are borne
To Light, where Hope has naught to fear.
With angels they now sweetly soar,
Where all's reveal'd in one grand truth—
Where fair flowers bloom forevermore,
Enthron'd in Love's perpetual youth.
Along the whole dark way of life,
With our being the angel Hope is fraught,

And there, before, all through earth's strife,
It sweetly floats the ocean Thought!
And in life's glorious twilight even
We see the golden clouds unroll,
Where this fair angel looks from Heaven,
And beckons to the lovely goal.
We feel Heaven's gates are wide swinging,
Ever open to children of sin—
By angels open'd, who are singing
To welcome the wanderer in.
The skeptic may cry: "No proof I find
That beyond th' grave there 's woe or weal!"
So there are those who are color-blind:
Still the beautiful shades are just as real.
For every desire, save one, there be
A panacea on earth for it:
Must our craving for immortality
Not have a goal as real, as fit?

THE CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

Mother! 'tis thee, thy erring child
Would thank for thy past deeds of love:
Thou cared for me till reason smil'd
Like Morning in the deeps above!

Like astral fire which lights the vault
Of heaven, when Night mourning wears,
Though others' frown'd, thou saw no fault:
If so, then e'en that fault was theirs.

Who, who can please the world, once, even?
Though many cheer, still more will hiss—
E'en some would not be pleas'd, though Heaven
Should cry: "'T is well! accept thy bliss!"

Thy friendship 's number'd by no hour,
But years will ever find it true—
It lives like the immortal flower,
Ever fragrant, fair and new.

And He who guides the eagle's flight
Where man's short sight doth fail,
Will thee reward in world of light,
Beyond this dark and dreary vale.

ARION.

A poet and musician of Methymna, in Lesbos, said to have lived in the reign of Periander, ruler of Corinth, about 600 B. C.

Sweet songster of the olden time
Thy lyre was tuned to lovely lays,
Thy rapturing melody and rhyme
Was grandest of the bygone days.

When 'midst the corsairs on the wave,
Who for the gold thou didst possess,
Destin'd thee to a watery grave,
How sweetly did thy powers bless!

But one request thou asked of them—
Who could refuse that simple boon?—
To play, ere they to death condemn,
One only, lovely, farewell tune.

Thou play'd, and all were charmed around,
As if angels with their harps were near—
And trusting to that heavenly sound,
Far out thou sprang, to disappear.

Beneath the wave—to rise again—
By charm'd dolphin borne along;
'Twas well thou worship'd at the fane,
The sweet, enchanting fane of song.

MEMORIAL.

How sad that those we dearly love
Oft fall in life's most cherish'd hour!
To die, as when the north winds move
Perishes the sweetest, fairest flower.
Yet why when some pure, guiltless one,
Lies down, no more at morn to rise,
When far beyond moon, star and sun,
Bliss waits that one in Paradise?
"I 'm going to join the Heavenly throng
Of souls, Christ's blood hath purified!"
GROSS whisper'd to his friend ARMSTRONG,
Then meekly laid him down and died.
As pure as Aidenn's streams, which flow
Through flowery meads of Eternity,
Thou, GROSS! lived in this vale below—
'Midst darkness a light of brilliancy.
ARMSTRONG, the truest friend to thee,
With whom thou liv'd for many years,

To thy grave daily goes, and he,
  There sadly weeps his pensive tears.
E'en when, wandering down the west,
  Sol vanishes in a golden sea,
Night's mantle, o'er his place of rest,
  Veils thy friend, dreaming, GROSS, of thee!
Unto thy friend thy absence is
  Like loss of solitary star
To him whose guide is only this,
  Through darkness to loved ones afar.
He still holds dear each wish of thine:
  Then sleep! sleep on, in peace, all 's well,
O'er thy green grave the towering pine
  Stands like a trusty sentinel.
A requiem, zephyrs softly sing,
  Over thy sacred sepulchre,
And aerial wanderers pause on wing,
  In homage to the dead laid there.
Dear to thy friend, in memory given,
  The past, which he will e'er adore,
In dreams he 'll greet thee till in Heaven
  Ye 'll greet at last to part no more!
Aye! when the golden gate unbars,
  To higher life and endless bliss—
Beyond the glorious god-like stars,
  Where one eternal summer is.

TO EINNA.

My heart has e'er been true to thee,
  Since years I've roam'd from thee the while,
For earth's more dark, where e'er it be,
  Save where it drinks thy radiant smile!

I've known fair girls whom I've admired—
  Perchance as beautiful as thou!
And yet they never have inspired
  The love I bore, and bear thee now.

Yon flower garden's sweet perfume,
  Wafting to me o'er the river,
Brings back that past of loveliest bloom,
  Of which alone thou art queen forever.

Dear girl! I have no fault to find—
  Against the fates I wage no war;
And yet forevermore enshrin'd
  Within my sky thou art the star—

Within my world thou art the soul—
  The throbbing soul of all that's good—
The light that guides me to the goal,
  Through night and the bewildering wood.

A BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY.

RIPLEY, OHIO, October 30, 1874.

Yesterday evening, between 10 and 11 o'clock, there appeared suspended between heaven and earth almost a fac-simile of one of Raphael's angels, white as alabaster. The wings were outspread imploringly, and its evolutions were as rapid and as beautiful as a bird circling in mid-air. Over 150 of our best citizens, ladies and gentlemen, were eye-witnesses of this singular spectacle, and gazed with admiration and awe.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

What beautiful being was this
  Afloat in the welkin there?
An angel from the realm of bliss,
  Come down to a world of care?

Did it come of its own will, free,
  Cheerfully down to this drear clime?
Or, lost on the waves of Eternity,
  Was it wash'd to the shores of Time?

Or does Heaven so keenly feel th' blow,
  That many whom we daily meet
Deem that no life beyond doth glow
  Forevermore and sweet?

I ween, 'twas Heaven's fair child of Light,
  Fresh from the fountain of youth and love,
Whose hyaline waters, pure and bright,
  Are ever murmuring music above.

It came and vanish'd like a tone
  Of melody we hear in dreams,
On summer eves, when not one lone
  Cold breath blows o'er the happy streams.

Favor'd were they who caught a glance
Of this fair child of mystery,
As beautiful as the nymphs that dance,
At night, on the moonlit sea.

ESCAPED.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard,
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word:
And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
—*Byron.*

The moonbeams do the waters lave,
And shimmering dance on many a bower,
On land and far across the wave,
The air is fragrant from the flower.
The distant Pleiades seem to be,
There, gazing from their far-off coasts,
Born angels of Eternity,
Or mortals' wise, departed ghosts.
Afar upon the dark-blue wave
A beauteous bark bears o'er the sea,
A sea that seems beyond the grave—
The ocean of Eternity.
On deck do stand, 'neath awning shade,
A noble maid and cavalier;
The damsel looks as though afraid
Of dangers, on the deep, anear.
Still onward, like a bird, the boat

Doth swiftly glide the sea afar—
To what safe haven doth she float?
To yon serene and heavenly star?
The lovely maiden, Isabella,
Is th' daughter fair of Don Valdorn,
Who vow'd she must wed one Garella,
His friend, a rich hidalgo born.
Another, she loved, passionately,
Who equally loved her as well—
To reach a home beyond the sea,
Was a heaven to them, beyond a hell.
So to pursue the heart's dictate,
The heart wherein love was enshrin'd,
They trusted all to hope and fate,
And left their foes and Spain behind.
But lo! again the god of light
Illumes the world beneath his smile,
And heaven erst sweet with stars bedight,
Now dons the veil of blue the while.
"Oh! haste thee, dearest Fabian! speak!
Are we safe from my father's wrath?"
The maid look'd to the strong man, weak
From fright, which much her wearied hath.
"Forget thy fears, smile as of yore,
Art thou not mine, and I with thee?
Am I not thine? and what is more
With this armed ship I dare th' worst that be."
She smil'd, yet paler grew her cheeks,
"But lo! yon coming ship!" she cries
E'en now my sire, my foe, me seeks!"
She looks th' unhappiest 'neath the skies.
She swoon'd from fright; and well she feared,
For he who claim'd to be her sire

When balk'd, was like a tiger speared—
  As mad as murder in desire.
Don Fabian caught the one he loved
  And plac'd her in the cabin, then
Quick look'd, where o'er the sea there moved
  A vessel teeming with arm'd men.
Now, by the Heavenly saints, I swear,
  I 'll make yon foemen rue the hour
When first they thought my rights to dare
  And make me to their wishes cower.
What ho! Bernardo! load the gun!
  The great gun on th' forcastle there,
And when thou this thing well hast done,
  Say to those aboard yon craft, Beware!"
Upon the deck the sailor sprang,
  And quick obey'd the order given,
And soon the cannon loudly rang,
  Like Triton's mighty trumpet, even.
Boom! boom! the enemy replies,
  And now the battle opens well—
Each ship the other one defies,
  And Anger wears th' horrid front of Hell.
Each vessel sheers close in the fight,
  And small arms now begin to play,
And on apace draws, darkling, Night,
  The Day, aggriev'd, hath hid away.
The vessels feel the wounds of fight,
  And still approach—each larboard bow
Beats boldly 'gainst each other quite—
  Each boarder draws his cutlass. Now
Fate wills, and upon dark Death calls,
  Who doffs the cumbrous robe of sleep;
He wakes to hear Time's swift foot-falls—

Knows his dread harvest is to reap.
Great Heavens! what means this strange commotion!
The very air is trembling now!
And near and far the living ocean
The blow feels on his massive brow!
One ship up like a rocket rose.
Amid a wild and deafening roar!
The other backward helpless goes,
Feeling the fearful shock full sore.
Now wakes in her high orient tower,
The lovely, sweet, and gentle Dawn,
Who, gazing from her beauteous bower,
A horrid, direful scene looks on.
The bark that once had held Valdorn
And his bold crew, of sunny Spain,
Now was a ruin; and forlorn,
Each one aboard had felt the bane.
A spark had reached the magazine
Of Valdorn's ship, *Gitano:* dread
The ghastly, wild and fearful scene
When that bark hurl'd up with her dead.
From where she, battling, sheers her course,
Back! th' *Habana*, Don Fabian's vessel,
Was heav'd like some light cork, perforce,
And with the 'wilder'd waves did wrestle!
None of her crew were killed outright,
'Though stunned were many by the blow—
The lovers pitied every wight,
But they escaped all other woe.

* * * * * * * * *

Days, weeks, and months have come and gone
Since Death work'd havoc on the sea—
And on an island fair as dawn,

Don Fabian and his bride are free
To live and love—she bonny fair,
So fair that like her there are few;
And he with Bayard would compare,
So brave, so chivalrous and true.
As Spring's soft breath the sweet buds ope,
And flowers bloom fair where all was blight,
These two now view the star of Hope
Which dispels the dark with its glad light.

TO ADI.

Thou 'rt absent, Adi, and I pensive feel
The blow as keen as woe e'er gives to weal!—
'Though I 've not known thee long, nor thou known me,
Thy loss me sorrow brings, and misery
Think'st thou why should thy absence thus me move?
Because in that short time I 've learn'd to love!
The flowers of Hope are growing sad and sere,
The world seems gloomy—all is dark and drear.
As some bright beauteous star, lost in the night,
Leaves all in darkness where once all was light,
Since thou 'rt gone, thus my sad heart feels the pain,
Tho' Hope faintly whispers: "You will meet again!"
Ah! when and where!—when shall I greet thee! oh!
What joy to clasp thy fair hand—fair as snow!
And hear in silvery melody flow
Thy voice, that thrilled the sweet, sweet long ago!
But why should I feel sad? 'Tis well with thee,
E'en though in absence thou art far from me!

When thou, so fair, so lovely, and so good,
Still sweetly bloom in th' beauty of womanhood!
And friends who dearly love, whom thou lov'st dear,
Do cluster round, thy winsome voice to hear!
To gaze on thee—on thy rich beauty, rare
And peerless, for where 's she that 's half so fair!
There! through the corridors of memory
I hear thy merry laugh ring gay and free!
I see thy dark eyes! lovely eyes of the South!
And thy sweet, rich, warm, red wine-kissed mouth!
Thy perfect face, and thy form, too, bless!—
Joy! 'tis thee! complete in thy loveliness!
And beautiful girl, thy vision seems
Far sweeter to me than all other dreams,
And fairer than the fairest forest flower,
Blushing unharm'd in its woodland bower—
More lovely than the brightest diamond star,
Breathing its beauty from Heaven, afar;
And of all things cherished, pure, fair and free,
There is naught so dear unto memory—
And my sad, sick soul freely drinks, I vow,
From th' sparkling fountain of thy beauty now!
Refresh'd, refin'd, and filled with hope and love,
As th' wretch revives on whom smiles God above.

IRENE.

Oh! what! is she a child of earth?
  She ever must have been divine—
Such loveliness could ne'er had birth
  Save at Heaven's glorious shrine.

Thus I thought when first I gazed
  Upon the beauty of Irene—
Her surpassing wealth of charms amazed
  Where e'er she moved, in beauty, queen.

The glory of her perfect face?
  There 's naught with which to it compare—
Nor light reveals one radiant grace
  More sweet, nor gloom one veils more fair.

It was the fount of all things good
  Springing from out the soul and heart,
As a rare book breathes intellectual food—
  Love, knowledge, science, poetry and art.

When she deign'd to come, though last or first,
  To mingle at the fane or ball,
'Twas like when through the darkness burst
  The glorious sun, illuming all.

ON THE MOONLIT WAVE.

Out on the moonlit wave joyously we sail,
My love and I, she fondly by my side;
Our cheeks are fann'd by the gently-breathing gale,
As onward softly, sweetly we do glide.

As a young bud dreams of the future flower,
Thus happy we dream as onward we roam,
While 'neath the bright awning of Hope's sweet bower,
We are wafting onward to our home.

As when Cupid, aerial passing on,
Whispers of love in a beauty's pink ear,
While she lies asleep in the early dawn,
Wreathes a smile on her lips with thoughts so dear,

With astral eyes, lustrous, scintillant, dark,
Thus my darling smiles to whate'er I say,
For Love sweetly guides our moving bark,
And Hope points the bright and beauteous way!

THE ANGEL I LOVE.

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O! oft in Fancy's sweet realm of bliss
I image a loved angel there;
A being too pure for earth she is—
She glides the sunny paths of air.

And oft in moonlight's mellow glow,
  Afar, where all is what it seems,
The Beauty enchanting, lives, I trow,
  Where Seraphs guard her when she dreams.
Angelic and graceful as an elf,
  Or Peri in aerial bower—
Her bright face is beauty's fount, herself
  Sweet as the honeyed flower.
A spiritual form, whose robe of light
  Breathes forth fragrant perfumes, given;
Her mind is wisdom's mirror, bright,
  Stored with purest thoughts, from Heaven.
May she descend from that world afar,
  Like of old the goddess fair,
From Heaven came down—a sacred star—
  For earth-love wafted there.

POETRY.

Poetry is that higher, better life—
  A poem a gather'd ray of it;
As a flower to its perfume, rife,
  A poet to his poems writ.

The Universe is a poem sublime—
  The greatest poem that man can trace.
God is the poet: He wrote it one time,
  On the great blank scroll of space.

All poetry erst is radiant pure,
  Since up in Heaven it has its birth—
And all its parts that stains endure
  Come from their contact with the earth.

In Heaven are poems, so great, divine,
  That none can comprehend them right
Save God, and those that learn'd at his shrine,
  Yet man in time may read them in delight.

THE HERO.

Founded on the heroic act of one Jack Evans in saving the life of a child, in the spring of 1874. He was at the time an engineer on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway.

The train with the speed of lightning flees on—
  On—on—like the flight of the shooting stars—
Over miles and miles that come and are gone
  Under the whirling wheels of the rushing cars.
The train is as swift as some mighty bird,
  And seems to possess an immortal soul—
With depths of feeling, could it be heard,
  Which would startle th' world from pole to pole!
Lo! what 's that on the track so small and frail?
  'T is a living thing, for it moves around!
Th' engineer whistles down brakes—'t will fail!
  No one can respond in time to the sound!
"'T is a child!" cried Jack Evans, the engineer,
  In an instant more 't will be crush'd to death!
Not e'en a moment impeded by fear,

Jack springs, ere drawing another breath,
Swiftly in front of the breathing smoke-stack!
In time, no more—he grasps the child,
Springs forward—just in time from the track,
To see th' joy'd mother; who gratefully smil'd
On him—on the babe, down in the ditch,
Where they had fallen in the mire and dirt.
With his charge he soon crawl'd out, 'though a twitch
Of pain told him he 'd not escap'd unhurt.
'Though prais'd by th' mother for the brave deed done,
Jack merely said, when she thank'd him and Heaven:
"You had better take care of that young one!"
As he gave her her child—advice well given.
Jack Evans, 'though unknown to the world,
Is as great a hero as fame ever knew:
'Though time has a number of heroes impearl'd,
This brave deed of Jack's, belongs to the few.

WILL YOU REMEMBER ME?

[Written in an album.]

When I am gone, and friends of thine
Who may be near and dear to thee,
Are gather'd 'round thyself divine,
Will you, fair friend, remember me?
When Morn light to the world doth bring,
When birds pour forth their melody,
Awakening from her sleep, sweet Spring,
Will you, fair one remember me?

When Spring hath gone, and Summer sweet,
  Beholds the blooming flower and thee,
And Heaven once more seems Earth to greet,
  Will you, e'en then, remember me?
When Autumn comes, with her decay—
  When brown and sere each towering tree—
And I am absent, far away,
  Oh! say! will you remember me?
When Winter shakes his hoary locks,
  And life seems but a mockery—
When th' blast the moaning forest rocks,
  Undimm'd, will you remember me!
When twilight comes, at eventide,
  And Luna walks in beauty free,
O'er fields of ether, endless wide,
  Will you still, still remember me?

TIME'S MOMENTOUS FLIGHT.

Time ever passes on his way,
  Mowing with unswerving scythe;
He stops not for the sad nor gay—
  Not for the blighted heart nor blithe.

He brings joy unto th' miserable—
  The happy he makes sick and sad,
With all that makes life beautiful,
  He sends despair to drive some mad.

'T is wise not to forget, therefore,
When joy dissolves our bitter cares,
That many souls are sorrow-sore—
That th' throbbing heart well-nigh despairs.

The coming hour which Time creates,
May be the last to us or them—
So dark, mysterious are the fates—
So closely doth the Unknown hem!

By th' past I might have better done,
And thou! dear reader! how with thee?
Is there on earth a single one
That's free from all impurity?

'Though I am young in years, I see
That many live but to deplore—
Full many a time there comes to me
The wish, the past I might live o'er.

Time passes on—and whether old
Or young, we pass beyond the river,
May Heaven, in mercy manifold,
Forgive and teach us right, forever.

JANUARY, 1876.

METAPHYSICAL.

Once, lately, weary with the world,
  Myself and all mankind, I roved,
And chanc'd to wander where impearl'd
  That, by all, save the soulless, loved—
That beauty which enthralls the heart—
  Creating love both pure and deep,
That haunts us when we from it part,
  Like some fair phantom in our sleep.
A stream went murmuring on its way,
  O'ergrown with flowers of every hue,
All blooming fresh as showers of May,
  As sweet as Hybla's honey dew.
A fairy land, hid in the vale,
  Far from the world's hypocrisy,
It seemed to be, where none could fail,
  From Nature, learn to wiser be.
Tree, bush, and flower to breeze did nod—
  To breeze that gently whisper'd nigh,
And like fair Messengers of God
  The white-wing'd clouds went by.
After a world of thought intense,
  Where despair and hope by turns did stay,
Or mingled, I cried: "O! God! defense
  Give me 'gainst doubts through which many [stray!"
O'er me the waken'd trees sigh'd even,
  Or seem'd to sigh at my distress—
With fervent sympathy, high Heaven,
  It seem'd, look'd down as if to bless.
The breeze that murmur'd, solemnly,

By me, in solitudes, alone,
Seem'd suddenly unto me,
A whisper from the Great Unknown!
Breathing: "Who trust they will survive
This life of discontent and woe,
And long to, surely shall arrive
To that great world where many hope to go!
But they who feel no wish to rise
Above the world where mortals are,
When dead, 'tis forevermore; each dies
As in th' deep th' fallen meteor star!"
For when there is no yearning claim
To live beyond where all 's made clear,
There is no spark to light a flame
Beyond, created by life here!
Did Christ not say, through faith, man 's saved,
To sinner, saint, and Pharisee?
Aye! he by his pure teachings, paved
The way unto Eternity!
He is the pure embodiment
Of that strong faith which is man's hope—
To strengthen faith he came intent,
And to grow earth-life's mean, small scope.
He taught the purer the life on earth,
The greater the soul in Heaven—
The more man learns through life from birth
Of that which elevates, arriven
To life and love beyond the grave,
The sweeter there his joys will beam—
That real progression is for the brave
Till they reach the Great Supreme!
For some, eternal death 's the fate,
Through sin they kill all wish for Heaven:

Lost hope, lost faith, the sin, so great,
'Gainst Holy Ghost, and unforgiven!
This truth the prophets wrote about,
And others wrote—through zealous fear,
They pictur'd death e'erlasting out,
A place of torment wild and drear!
'T is a fearful thought on which to dwell—
To realize death's long damnation:
Unto the sensitive soul, what hell
More fearful than annihilation?
Faith is a word which much doth tell—
Defining much, of truths, th' awful truth—
A martyr, for man's faith, Christ fell,
Through God's own grace and tender ruth.
Then what is Faith?—to merely trust
That certain things foretold will be?
'T is only part—to have faith ye must
Trust, yearn, and hope—Faith is each—all three.

FINIS.

THE VENDETTA AND OTHER POEMS.

SELECTIONS FROM SOME CRITICISMS OF J. B. PEACOCK'S POEMS.

From Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, in the Philadelphia "Press," May 9, 1873.

.....We judge from the poems themselves, that Mr. Peacock is a young man, enthusiastic yet practical. "The Star of the East," a Circassian story, is the best sustained poem in the volume, and breathes of the distant Orient. "The Vendetta," with its scene in Corsica, is more diffuse. Several of the minor effusions possess considerable merit. On the whole, Mr. Peacock may be said to have made a good beginning.

From Captain Henry King, in the Topeka "Commonwealth," April 29, 1873.

The recent "Atlantic" disaster has inundated the newspapers with poems relating to that terrible calamity—some good, some so-so, and some execrable. Among the best we have seen is one written by a Kansas poet, T. B. Peacock, of Independence. It contains some fine word painting, and some poetic imagery of original and striking beauty.....Mr. Peacock is the author of a small volume of poems, published a few months since, which has received favorable mention in the (N. Y.) "Nation" and other first-class critical journals.

From the New York "Nation."

Here is an apostrophe to Chastity from his poem entitled "The Vendetta":

"Chastity! thou that long hath held
The world's existence on, in virtue's modest check,
Man owes to thee, in heart, joy knell'd,
For th' little pure that 's saved from vice—corruption's wreck—
Warm thanks to surface ever gurgling up,
As o'erflows th' boiling, sparkling chaldron cup."

Here is a much warmer passage, taken from the same poem, descriptive of the person of the Countess Inez Galvo, afterwards mistress of the sea-rover, Gonzalls:

"Ah! here 's what allures—here 's what entices—
Leads man to virtue or deep into vices.
No sylph nor nymph more graceful than she—
Fair Inez, th' beautiful "Pearl of the sea"—
A pearl she was if perfection implies.....

From the "Kansas City Times," June 8, 1873.

"POEMS, BY THOMAS BROWER PEACOCK," is a modest little volume containing some real gems, both in melody and versification.....Upon the great prairies, drinking in such inspiration as came from the isolation and solitude of their illimitable horizon—from the stars that people the blue heavens with visions and dreams—from the longing and strivings the true poetic nature ever feels when alone with the night and with immensity—the poet has created for himself an ideal world filled with the darlings of his genius and his imagination. These he has sent forth on a mission of recognition and appreciation. They will be welcomed often and brought tenderly into many a pleasant place.

From Mr. Wm. Finn, in the Boston "Literary World."

.....In the one line:

"The vesper's chime and low of kine,"

the author has expressed what it took Gray two to do the same:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea."

The third verse brings to mind many passages in Moore, and the fourth reminds us of Byron's Alpine descriptions, and in the fifth we have something of the nature of Poe's "Raven." The last has a very close affinity to W. C. Bryant's "Thanatopsis."".....There certainly is a multifarious power in these six verses.

From the "Leavenworth Times."

We have before us a volume of poems from the pen of Thomas Brower Peacock .....There are some real poetical thoughts in the book. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is the tragical poem entitled "The Vendetta." It is founded on the peculiar custom of retaliation sanctioned by the religious superstition of the Corsicans, and describes a bitter feud that existed between two families, and the part taken by the masculine representatives of each household. A love scene, of course, is introduced, because there can be no first-class tragedy without a woman. The poet thus pictures the flow of a stream:

"Here, lost, the mountain streamlet strayed,
Through meadows green and forest glade,
Now winding east—now winding west—
As fearful where—which course the best—
Like agony of thought, which love so oft inspires;
A soul still fluttering 'twixt two fond desires."

From the "Kansas City Journal of Commerce," April 23, 1876.

THE VENDETTA AND OTHER POEMS.—Advance sheets of this volume, which is soon to appear, have been sent to us, and in comparison with the former publication by the same author, show marked improvement and advancement.....In the higher aspects of the work, he has given many evidences of poetic power. His figures are well chosen and forcible—the sentiments are all that could be desired in elevation and purity—and his conceptions for the most part gratifying. The parts of the book before us abound in fine thoughts.

From the Topeka "Commonwealth," April 20, 1876.

We have been favored with advance sheets of "The Vendetta and Other Poems," by T. B. Peacock, of this city....."The Vendetta" is the most ambitious, comprising 43 pages, and is styled "A Tragic Romantic Poem."..... The plot and general structure of the poem remind one of Byron's "Corsair," and it is plain that Mr. Peacock has been a close student of that great master of English verse. .....Mr. Peacock, unlike many young literary men, while evidently an admirer of Byron's genius, does not suffer his moral sense to be perverted by the brilliant wickedness of that great but misguided personage; hence, the pure tone of all Mr. Peacock's effusions. There is nothing in this volume that might not be read aloud in any company. Next to "The Vendetta," and quite equal to it in merit, we think, is "The Star of the East," the scenes of which are laid in that romantic country, Circassia, and based, as the author states in his argument, on well authenticated events. The minor poems comprise "Egeria," "Reverie," "The Haunted Lake," "The Close of Day," "Vennova," and others.—This hasty notice is made after a still more hasty perusal of the work, and hardly does it justice. We have in fact dwelt only on one of its merits—its moral tone.